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THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER PERFUMES.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A discussion has again arisen in the Church newspapers as to whether bazaars for charitable purposes should be encouraged. In the view of the outsider there is probably nothing with the faintest pretence of being a pleasurable excitement that is so utterly melancholy or calculated to depress the spirits as a bazaar. To have to attend one is a positive penance, and almost a chastisement; but among "serious" persons it is considered to be a species of dissipation. Its position with them is much like that of a semi-philosophic novel, which has attraction for the same class because they are unacquainted with the ordinary novel: they snatch a "fearful joy" from it under the impression that they are reading fiction. At the same time they object to the bazaar because those who spend most of the money there are not actuated by a proper motive in doing so. In spite of the axiom *non olet*, they do not like the notion of taking it under these circumstances even for a good object. This seems to the Unregenerate midsummer madness, and something worse. For it is admitted that money can be procured in this way much more easily than in any other, so that to reject it is to limit to a serious extent the means of doing good. If the object were mere church-building there would be nothing to be said: it would be an affair that solely concerned the clergy; and if they declined to avail themselves of it there would be fewer churches, or smaller ones—chapels—to which they are known to entertain decided objections. But bazaars are often instituted for the benefit of the poor, and what right have we to prevent their being benefited, for the sake of indulging an ecclesiastical scruple?

If money not bestowed in a proper spirit is to be rejected, how much more should be ill-gotten money? Rich men who have made their pile by methods that certainly would not recommend themselves to scrupulous persons often give, and still more often bequeath, large sums to charitable institutions. Ought these offerings to be declined, or are investigations to be made as to the source from which they were derived before accepting them? Nay, why should we not go back to a previous generation, and refuse the money even of an honest man which we know has been inherited from a dishonest one? The fact is, directly a discussion becomes theological common-sense is forgotten. The poor, and objects of charity of all kinds, have lost many thousands of pounds through the refusal of charitable societies to allow collecting-boxes to be placed in the grand stands of racecourses. I have advocated this practice for years, and been called all sorts of bad names (for which I care nothing at all) for doing so. Gamblers are very liberal people, especially when they win, and I cannot conceive why money which otherwise would infallibly be thrown in the gutter should not be allowed to fall into beneficent channels. I do not compare the frequenters of the Stock Exchange with those of the Turf, but they are known to speculate a little, and yet their liberality is never declined when they subscribe, as they very often do, to charitable objects. Moreover, one would think that really religious persons would willingly give an opportunity to those whose mode of life they disapprove of, to do some good in the world; the suspicion indeed almost arises that unless it is done after a particular fashion these good folks would rather not see good done at all.

It is a sad sight to see bona-fide philanthropists like Miss Heather-Bigg and Canon Barnett quarrelling over the question as to whether or no "a day in the country" is of an advantage to the East-End children, who are under such great obligations to both of them; it has a family likeness to the contest of theologians who will not allow brands to be snatched from the burning except by their own particular soul-saving apparatus. It is not denied, it seems, that a day's outing does some good; but since it does not do so much good as sending the little pleasure-takers for a fortnight into the country, it is contended that it should not occur at all. Those who advocate this counsel of perfection are confident that they understand the nature of their little clients, but they do not, I think, understand that of their subscribers. A good many who give money to charities do so not very cheerfully, and rather on impulse than from principle; and there is this danger in persuading them that any form of benefit to the poor is injudicious, that they are very willing to make it an excuse for not giving at all. This is another instance, in addition to that alluded to above, of how the poor suffer from the fads and scruples of the very persons who are most willing to benefit them.

How sad it must be to be "put in a book" in early life as an exceptionally good boy, and to have the portrait universally recognised! This has happened, it seems, to the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, known at College, we are informed by an American periodical, as "Curly Locks," and chaffed, no doubt, very considerably about his counterfeit presentment in fiction. One of the tasks imposed upon him on joining his Harvard club was to wear the well-known costume of his little Lordship in public for three days. He ordered his Fauntleroy from his tailor, however, like a man (as indeed he had become)—short breeches, velvet collar, and all—and went about in them courageously. Let us hope he will never disgrace his literary

parentage. The boy who was most written about in England at his Lordship's age was probably Thornton Hunt. The reviews in those days were very personal, and, indeed, blackguardly on both sides, and the *Quarterly* said of the child it was no wonder that he was (as reported) nervous and frightened at night, having, no doubt, received no religious instruction from his father. Even Southey was roused to indignation by this infamous attack, and replied to it. It was to the same child that Leigh Hunt addressed those beautiful verses on his recovery from sickness, beginning—

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy—

lines which have become infinitely more pathetic from the contrast between the spirit they breathe and the checkered after-life of their subject.

"'Tis dogged as does it" is an excellent proverb, and one of the very few that has not its direct opposite in some other. Of course Genius will beat Diligence, but it is a very rare colt (out of Intelligence by Accident), and is apt to break down over a long course. A bee, we are told, with all its industry and the innumerable journeys it takes—though not without making some fuss about them—only collects a single teaspoonful of honey during a season, yet the hives are well stocked. Its labour, it is true, generally goes to the capitalist Man, but it is in blissful ignorance of the fact. The coral insect, that works continuously, not exclusive of Sundays, at its tiny toil, puts insurmountable barriers to the ocean itself. Still, one would hardly imagine that the users of lead pencils could ever make much difference in the matter of deforesting the earth, but we are now told that the supply of cedars in the Old World has been practically exhausted by them. The artist and the editor (with his merciless blue pencil) have shorn Lebanon of its glories.

All flesh is grass, yet about the last place one would look for a man is in the middle of a hayrick. Yet one has been found there, quite in the centre of it, though how he got there is more difficult to explain than the occupation by a toad of a stone. Was he a haymaker, covered with hay by laughing girls, but a little too heavily, and forgotten? or was he a tramp, burrowing into the half-made rick for warmth, who found the sleep there from which there is no waking? Either alternative seems more probable than that it was an act of suicide, to which local opinion seems to incline. In that case he may have had the same passion for a mighty sepulchre, though not so permanent a one, as the Pharaohs. At all events, the incident is unparalleled.

Although I have expressed an opinion that Greek is not much read as "a refreshment to old age," it is certain that a few persons very much advanced in life have employed themselves in learning out-of-the-way languages. It seems curious, since there can be no opportunity for speaking them in this world; but perhaps they think there is an off chance of acquiring the tongue that is spoken in the next. It is not for this reason, but because Li-Hung-Chang has fired my ambition, that I am thinking of learning Chinese. I am told that it is a little difficult, but I only wish to acquire a sentence or two, such as "You are stupid," "You are drunk." A newspaper reporter informs us that these were the expressions which his Excellency employed when persons in this country—ministers, peers, and others—bored him beyond endurance. He uttered them with that engaging smile for which the Heathen Chinee is notorious, and his auditors were under the impression that he had paid them some compliment. It is, in fact, added that it was his interpreter's business so to translate his words as to make them appear to be such; but it is not everyone who can afford to keep an interpreter. With a friendly and beaming countenance, one could say the same things in Chinese without fear of offence; they would be set down as involuntary notes of admiration, perhaps as quotations from the classics, and produce an excellent effect; and what a relief, under some circumstances, it would be to utter them!

The *Life-boat* for the current month gives us some interesting particulars respecting the losses which the Institution has suffered in its warfare against winds and waves in the cause of humanity. There is a general notion that life-boats are absolutely safe and non-capsizable vessels, an error which is so far mischievous that it tends to underrate the dangers of those who man them. As a matter of fact, whenever they go to the rescue of others they do so more or less at the hazard of their lives. "A perfectly safe boat under every circumstance of land and sea cannot be said to exist." The first instance of a serious disaster occurred in the beginning of the century. In 1810, on the coast of Northumberland, a life-boat had rescued the crews of several fishing-cobles, when, on returning to shore in a high sea but unaccompanied by wind, a wave broke over and split her in halves, with the result that all on board, thirty-four persons, were drowned. Many similar catastrophes took place, mostly through the boats (which were shorter than they now are) turning end over end. This happened in 1849 at South Shields, in the act of rescuing a crew, and out of twenty-four persons only four reached the shore alive. It was this accident which led to the organisation of the Royal National Life-boat Institution of the present day, and the introduction of self-righting boats. From 1854 to 1896, though these boats

have been launched 7903 times for service and 26,500 for exercise, the total accidents were but 87; the loss of life being 143, of which 15 were shipwrecked men. The non-self-righting boats not belonging to the Institution are much fewer, yet the loss of life in them has been considerably greater. The worst misfortune the Institution has suffered was to the Southport and St. Anne's boats in 1886, the former losing fourteen men out of sixteen, and the latter the whole crew of thirteen.

What seems at first sight curious, the safest life-boats are not the most exempt from disaster, for the safer the boat the greater confidence the crew have in her, and the greater risks they are ready to run. The character of the men is even of more consequence for salvage purposes than that of the boat; for "it is not so much the build of the Deal and Yarmouth luggers that enables them to go to sea as the admirable manner in which they are handled." The seamanship and good judgment required in the coxswain of a life-boat when she approaches a wreck in a storm are hardly to be exaggerated; yet they are of little service unless seconded by a skilful and courageous crew. In February this year an interesting incident connected with this service took place at Holy Island. A fishing-boat outside the bar signalled for assistance, but the crew of the life-boat were away; whereupon it was manned by the vicar and volunteers, including the sexton and some fishermen who rose from a bed of sickness to do it; even women volunteered, though their services were of course declined; they helped, however—including among them the vicar's wife—to launch it, and the rescue was effected. The Comte de Bizemont and Captain Pfeiffer, respectively the chief inspectors of the French and German life-boat services, have visited some of our stations this year and expressed much satisfaction at their arrangements. The French service has one great advantage over ours, inasmuch as the Board of Works always builds the first life-boat house at any place where the system is established, which saves the institution a large outlay.

One is glad to see a decided improvement in the translations of foreign novels in this country. Until recently they have been very badly done. The work is understood to have been ill remunerated, while the cultured class of readers despised it. They could read the books in the original, and were perhaps displeased that the less educated should have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with them by an easier way; and they said that everything is lost in a translation, which is not quite true. Some novelists, indeed, lose a great deal in the process, but others—and these are generally the best—do not suffer nearly so much. Victor Hugo, for example, is very attractive in his English dress, but it must be added that he has been fortunate in his translators. It now seems to be comprehended that the attraction of a foreign author to English readers must depend a good deal upon this intermediary. "Black Diamonds," by Maurus Jókai, is a good specimen of this industry. It deals with a variety of subjects—social, political, and scientific—and though it drags at times, and at others demands too much credulity in the reader—as, for example, in the marvellous accomplishments of its hero, Ivan Behrend—it is an interesting story. Nobody can say that the characters are commonplace. The heroine, Evila, is almost too good to be true; but until the end of the novel we do not know that she is so very good, so that she retains her attractions for us. The Abbé Samuel is a remarkable person portrayed with great skill. The Countess Theudelinde is the only character that can be called humorous (humour is an attribute in which Jókai is deficient), and she is droll enough. She has shut herself up in her castle of Bondavara, attended only by female servants and her companion, the sympathetic Emerenzia, who gets the start of her mistress in her hysterics, and generally manages to sob for a minute longer. No male save the village priest crosses the threshold, but the Countess is very much disturbed by the festivals held by her deceased ancestors in the vaults of the castle. The priest thinks it witchcraft, but seeks for "another opinion," and the Abbé Samuel is sent for to investigate the case. This is the festival of her ancestors as, in company with the Countess, the Abbé finds it—

On one side of the vault ran a long table, round which were seated, eating and drinking, not the Countess's ancestors and ancestresses, but all the servants of her household. The maids, who were so strictly guarded, were here in the company of the men who were so rigorously excluded. The Countess could, therefore, see that these were flesh-and-blood ghosts which had so long haunted her ancient castle. Each of her handmaidens had a lover in either the steward, bailiff, game-keeper, or clerk in the neighbourhood. The nervous housemaid, who at night was afraid of her own shadow, was now drinking out of the glass of the innkeeper; the virtuous maid was embraced by the mayor's footman; the portress, an elderly virgin, held a jug in her hand while she executed a clog-dance upon the table. All the rest clapped hands, shrieked, sang at the top of their voices, and beat the table as if it were a big drum. Worst of all, at the top of the table sat Fraulein Emerenzia, on very intimate terms with her neighbour, a young lawyer. She wore the skirt of a favourite dress of Theudelinde's, a flame-coloured brocade; the bodice would not meet round her corpulent form, so she had her mistress's best lace shawl wrapped round her. Her face was red; she had a large tumbler of wine before her, and she smoked a pipe. The modest Emerenzia!

Hungarian manners and customs are set forth in this novel agreeably enough, and we have a description of the Stock Exchange speculators of Pesth, which shows us that they are marvellously like those of London, "only more so."

THE BAYREUTH SEASON.

The Bayreuth season is now over, and its five cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" have been the origin of many surprises. There has been the usual variety of opinion as to details on the part of critics, it is true; but there has also been upon the general matter a somewhat unusual unanimity of opinion. It has frankly been conceded everywhere that Bayreuth has not succeeded in achieving its ambition in the production, for the first time after twenty years, of the Tetralogy. That ambition, of course, implied nothing short of perfection. Consider the circumstances for a moment. Bayreuth stands outside the haunts of common civilisation. It is a difficult spot to reach, and the journey thither from most European capitals is by no means inexpensive, or unattended by personal trouble. The "Ring" has been given over and over again in various centres easy of access, such as Vienna, Dresden, Munich, and London. There can, therefore, be but one excuse for asking the public for Bayreuth patronage, and that is the perfection of the performances of the "Ring" submitted to the enjoyment of that public. This is the very *raison d'être* of such a place as Bayreuth. Hitherto "Parsifal" has been a sufficient excuse. Here alone in the world could one hear that exquisite work of musical and dramatic art. But this year "Parsifal" was deliberately omitted from the list of performances, and the world was challenged by a production which is not by any means unique to Bayreuth. What, to speak frankly, has been the success of the adventure? Has the Wagnerian Mecca, in truth, justified the implied boast which was made in the actual production of the "Ring"? In a word, how nearly has Bayreuth approached perfection in this matter? For it depends upon the answers to these questions if that unanimity of the critics already mentioned is to be respected or to be disregarded altogether.

In the production of any Wagnerian music-drama there are necessarily three points to examine if one would know how far or to how great an extent perfection has been attained. Such perfection depends upon the stage management, the actors and singers, and the orchestra. With many operatic compositions the stage management and the acting may not be of singular consequence, but with Wagner's work the stage management becomes a department of the most vital importance. Moreover, Bayreuth has always boasted with special emphasis of its success in this respect. Indeed, with its depths of space and its three movable stages, there is all reasonableness for such a boast; its resources are splendid; with a clever stage-manager there should be no easily conceived limit to its success; yet this was precisely what Bayreuth appeared to lack this of all years. About everything connected with the stage, although there was much cleverness and (if the word may be allowed) precocity apparent, there was the trail as of the amateur. Scenes were in nearly every case only partly successful; as far as they went they were not lacking in point and in suggestion, but there was almost invariably some fatal omission or some accidental oversight which shamed the two years' preparation that had been taken over the production.

On the subject of the orchestra there is, fortunately for the reputation of Bayreuth, more that is favourable to say. Personally, the present writer can speak from the experience of one cycle only, and that the last, conducted by Richter. In this case the beauty of the orchestra was memorable for a lifetime, and from every report the cycles conducted by Mottl were scarcely less beautiful. So far as Richter's cycle went there was no limit to the delicacy, the suggestiveness, and the significance of the music which he played. Here, indeed, Bayreuth well attained perfection. There has been a certain amount of hypersensitive criticism upon the instruments used by the players; but it needed an ear excessively on the alert for detection of failure to mark the diminutive differences between the German and English instruments. One cycle, however, was conducted by Herr Siegfried Wagner, and here there seems certainly to have been room for improvement. There were, at any rate, loud and public complaints at Bayreuth itself that so important and difficult a task should have been entrusted to a practically untested and untried conductor of extreme youth. It was reasonably felt by high authorities in criticism, whose opinion it would be absurd to set aside, that Bayreuth is not the place for rash experiments, and that a course of this kind means, to all intents and purposes, the reduction of the place to a merely domestic and parochial home of art. A mere word will suffice for the singers. Bayreuth, with all its achievement, has never been famous for the excellence of its singing; and although this year such names as Marie Brema, Grüning, Perron, Bachmann, and, above all, Lili Lehmann, were enough to save it from disrepute, there remained much to be desired, as there always is, in this veritable centre of German vocal art.

With such a summing up only one verdict is possible. Bayreuth has not, to give that verdict, achieved its ambition. It would be a mere superstition to entertain any other view. The matter lies in a nutshell. Men will take pains to encounter artistic work which cannot be met with save by toil and trouble. To win this in the Bayreuth productions of "Parsifal" the long, expensive, and difficult journey was willingly undertaken by thousands of eager travellers; and in the expectation of attaining a like result the same journey was accepted as inevitable this year throughout Europe and America; that expectation has been foiled; and it remains for Bayreuth to consider carefully the universal warning which it has received and to profit thereby, if it would continue to hold its high place as the natural Shrine of Wagnerian Pilgrims.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR IN PARIS.

The Right Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., our new Ambassador in Paris, prepared for his career appropriately by taking a first class in Law and Modern History at Oxford. He was elected Fellow of All Souls in 1858; and, ten years later, Examiner of Modern Languages for the Taylorian Scholarship. That fact, too, is not without its bearing on after events. Indeed, so necessary is the knowledge of modern languages to any Ambassador in Paris, that a conspicuous facility in speaking French has been thought enough to qualify this and that person in common rumour for the vacant post. But Sir Edmund Monson is equipped, not merely by accomplishments as a linguist, but by a long experience in the diplomatic service. He entered it as attaché at the Embassy in Paris in 1866, and, after experience in Florence and Washington, in Hanover and Brussels, and after acting as secretary to Lord Lyons, he contested Reigate unsuccessfully, and then took service as Consul and Consul-General in the Azores, in Budapest, and in Pesth. Special missions in Dalmatia and Montenegro followed, and then further posts in the Argentine Republic, in Denmark, and in Greece, by which time he had the rank of a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary. In 1892 he was sent as Ambassador to Vienna, and made a Privy Councillor. As an arbitrator

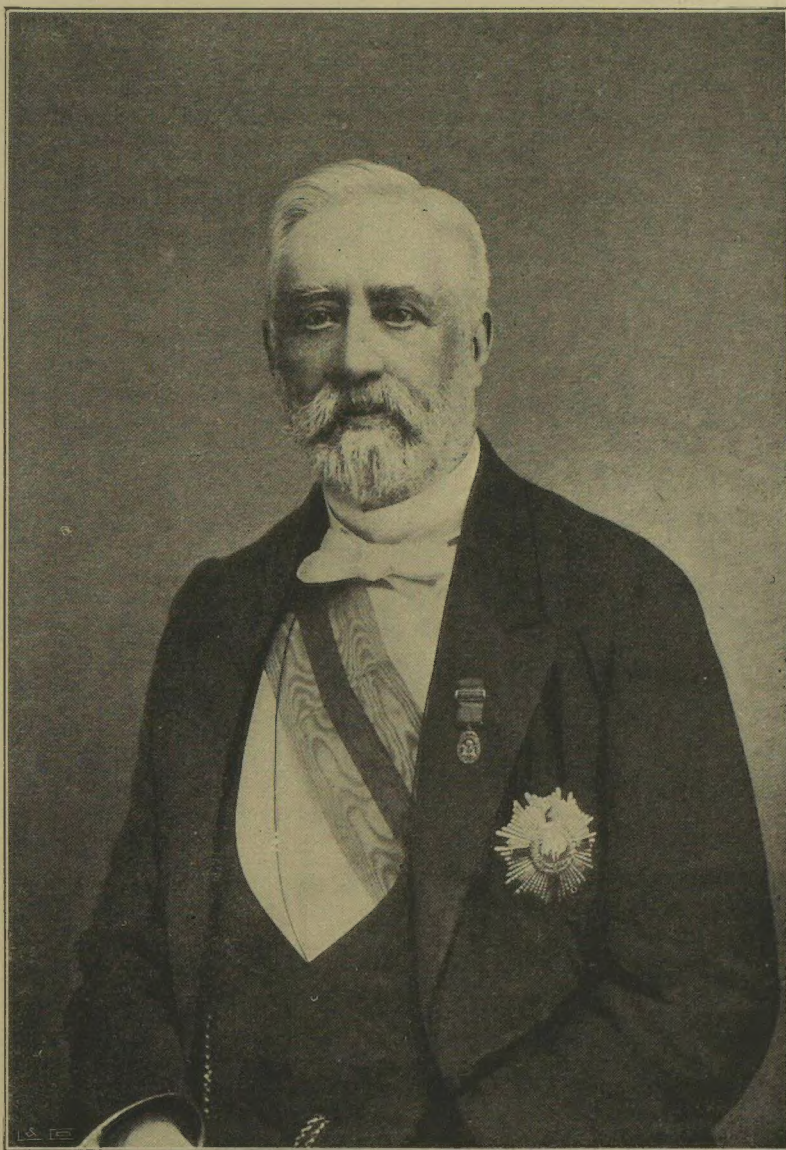


Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.

SIR EDMUND MONSON,

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Sir Edmund has had some valuable experience, such as it may be said that no Ambassador nowadays should lack. This was when, in 1888, he acted as arbitrator under convention between the United States and Denmark on "The Butterfield Claim," a task which occupied his attention for the best part of a year.

FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

Though modern among cathedrals, St. Paul's must always be associated with the history of English art, for there lie the mortal remains of the first and greatest of the Presidents of the Royal Academy; there also the two last Presidents, men singularly endowed and singularly beloved; and there, too, lie Sir Thomas Lawrence and—wondrously fortunate in his company—Benjamin West. The relatives of Sir Charles Eastlake and of Sir Francis Grant did not accept the offer of a public funeral; but even so, the greatest dust of the Academy rests in those vaults. That Millais would have wished for burial beside Sir Joshua and beside "our admirable Leighton" was a matter of no doubt to his family; and everything was done to pay honour to the mortal remains that were borne from the Millais mansion in Palace Gate in solemn procession to the metropolitan Cathedral. From Burlington House issued forth a second procession to join the first, and fifty carriages followed the stately hearse to the great doors of the Cathedral, which were reached at the hour of noon. Under the dome rested the coffin, simply inscribed: "John Everett Millais, Baronet, P.R.A. Born 8th June, 1829; died 13th August, 1896." Eight pall-bearers walked up the aisle and flanked the coffin during the solemn service: Lord Granby, Lord Carlisle, Lord Rosebery, Lord Wolseley, Sir George Reid, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Calderon, and Mr. Holman Hunt.

The members of the Millais family who stood around included Sir Everett and Lady Millais and their little boy, and other grandchildren of the painter present were the Misses Stuart-Wortley, who accompanied their parents. An immense concourse of friends attended; and lovely wreaths, piled up around the coffin (on which were the artist's palette and brushes), expressed the love and admiration of persons who, from one cause or another, were themselves unable to be there. Chief among the officiating clergy were Canon Scott Holland and Canon Newbolt; and the anthem "Behold, all flesh is grass" was beautifully sung to the music of Brahms, "the Browning of musicians."

THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

The Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople have now procured the adoption by the Sultan of a definitive scheme, on the basis of the demands made by the Cretan General Assembly at Canea, with the support of the Foreign Consuls there, to establish Home Rule in Crete, on the model of that existing in Samos or in Eastern Roumelia, but under a Governor to be appointed by the Sultan and approved by the European Powers, to hold office five years, and with payment of a yearly tribute. The deputies of the Greek Christian population to the Assembly at Canea have been advised to enter into negotiations with Zihni Pasha, the Ottoman Imperial Commissioner, upon this basis, and have been warned that if they do not accept the concessions now proposed they will lose the sympathies of Europe, which will leave the Turks a free hand to suppress the revolt. Within the last few days the Turkish troops have been withdrawing from the interior of the island and concentrating their forces in the towns of Canea, Retimo, and Candia. This movement has been followed in several districts by the detached bands of insurgents attacking Mohammedan villages, killing some of the inhabitants, burning the houses, and driving off the cattle, to avenge previous outrages perpetrated by the Turks.

THE ADVANCE TO DONGOLA.

The Anglo-Egyptian military expedition up the Nile is now on the eve of a fresh departure, which is expected to begin about Sept. 5, and will probably have effected the occupation of Dongola by the first day of October. A flotilla of nine or ten river steam-boats, including the new iron vessel constructed in England, sent up by the railway from Wady Halfa in compartments, and put together at Kosheh, where she was launched on Aug. 20, will accompany the march of the troops, besides nearly two hundred sailing-boats, for which there is now a favourable wind. In spite of the great heat at Kosheh, 128 degrees in the shade, the general health of the troops has continued good, the cholera having quite disappeared. Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. B. Parsons has been appointed Camp-Commandant there. Nothing is yet known of the enemy's intentions, but the Khalifa has held a conference with an assembly of his Emirs at Omdurman, and small reinforcements have been sent to the outposts of Kerma and Hafir.

RAMBLES IN NORMANDY.

The English Rambler in Normandy has architecture and scenery in amazing variety and beauty to reward his wanderings, and he has also a sense of drinking at some of the well-springs of his national history. At Falaise, for instance, he sees the river where Arlotta, the tanner's daughter, was washing clothes when Duke Robert of Normandy espied her and carried her off to the Castle to be the mother of William, our Conqueror. Falaise, besides being the place of William's birth, has another association with a King of England, for its Church of St. Gervais was consecrated in the presence of Henry I. Another of its churches is that of Ste. Trinité, of debased Gothic, and dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At Honfleur the market-place attracts all visitors to its curious wooden market-house and belfry; and opposite is St. Catherine's Church, the largest in France to be constructed entirely of timber and plaster. Down over all the town looks the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce, whither the pious go to see the ex-voto offerings of sailors saved from shipwreck. Proudly, too, do the three towers of the old Cathedral of Coutances beckon to the traveller. At Fécamp are cotton-mills ashore and English colliers in the harbour, the abbey church of Notre Dame dates from the twelfth century; the nave and crossings rank with the finest Early Pointed work in France. Caudebec is famous in nature for its avenue of trees and in art for its church-spire, a favourite object in the landscapes of Vernet.

"BOYS TOGETHER," AT THE ADELPHI.

Too late for detailed criticism in our present issue, the long-expected play by Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Comyns Carr was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, under the title of "Boys Together." Great hopes have naturally been built upon the collaboration of so cultivated a writer as the author of that graceful comedy "Forgiveness," and the picturesque poetical drama "King Arthur," with the playwright whose "Captain Swift" and "John-a-Dreams" have marked him out as one of the most promising of the younger dramatists of the day. For his chief illustration of what has now proved to be one of the most stirring of the many popular dramas produced at the Adelphi, our Artist has chosen the picturesque scene of the second act, which is laid in the Sudan at the time of the siege of Khartoum. The hero, Major Villars (Mr. William Terriss), and several of his companions have been detained as prisoners in a Dervish town, and while there they receive the news of the fall of Khartoum.



SPORTING SKETCHES BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: NO. II.—CONDEMNED TO DEATH.



1. Major Villars (Mr. William Terriss), bound to a rock and awaiting death at the hands of the Dervishes, is rescued by Agha Fula's wife.—Act ii. Sc. 2.
2. Major Villars intercedes with Hassan on behalf of Agha Fula, a Turk, who has refused to give up his wealth to the Dervishes.—Act ii. Sc. 1.
3. Major Villars and Mrs. Forsyth (Miss Millward) endeavouring to save their enemy, Hugo Forsyth (Mr. W. L. Abingdon), who has fallen over an Alpine precipice.—Act iv. Sc. 2.

PERSONAL.

The death of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, C.B., has removed a distinguished soldier who in his time saw long and active service. The eldest son of the late Colonel Thomas Lumsden, he was born in 1821 and, when seventeen years old, entered the Bengal Army. He was interpreter and Quartermaster to the 33rd Bengal Infantry in Afghanistan with General Pollock, taking part in the carrying of the Khyber Pass and other important actions. In the Sutlej Campaign four years later he served in the same capacity. The year 1846



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR H. B. LUMSDEN.

was an eventful one in his life, for within its compass he was appointed assistant to the Governor-General's Agent for the North-West Provinces, received the thanks of the Government for his services at Doob Pass and Ballakotek, and raised the Corps of Guides, whom he commanded at the siege of Multan in the following January and in many subsequent actions. During the next few years he won many distinctions, including the medal and clasps given after the battle of Gujerat, and again after his command of the left attack at Burrura Pass.

The widow of Baron Hirsch has carried out one of her husband's wishes with notable zeal. Baron Hirsch was in the habit of giving large sums in charity; it was said that all his winnings on the Turf were devoted to this object. His widow has decided to allot a sum of nearly ten thousand pounds for distribution amongst charitable institutions in England alone.

The Speaker has had one of those disagreeable Continental adventures which befall even the most eminent. At Cologne his party were asked by the Customs officials whether they had anything to declare. With injudicious scruple one of them confessed to a pack of cards with which the travellers had beguiled the tedium of the railway journey. The officials immediately treated the Speaker as a culprit, threatened him with a process, and made him pay twenty marks. Such a fuss about one pack of cards is characteristic of the German busybody, but it is improbable that the Foreign Office will make the matter the subject of strenuous representations at Berlin. When he travels again in Germany Mr. Gully had better take the precaution of providing himself with a Teutonic pack.

There is to be an anti-Masonic Conference at Trent, in the Tyrol, under the auspices of the Catholic hierarchy. An Archbishop has denounced Masons as an "infernal sect," language which excites some surprise in England. Masons, as we know them, are no more diabolical than the rest of their countrymen. The Catholic Church abroad judges Masonry, however, by the highly coloured accounts of Satanism, or devil-worship, which is said to be spreading in France. Moreover, secret societies had a good deal to do with the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, and Masons are classed by Cardinals with the old Carbonari.

It is to be hoped that there will be little more fighting with the Matabili; we have to mention, however, two or three recent deaths of Englishmen, worthy of notice, in the campaign which is now likely to be closed.



Photo Gabell, Ebury Street.

THE LATE MR. STANHOPE WARD.

command of Major Sir John Willoughby. This service, however, Mr. Ward had for some time quitted, to engage in mining work.

Captain Alfred Ernest Haynes, R.E., who was killed some days ago in the attack, by Colonel Alderson, on Makoni's Kraal, in the eastern part of the Matoppo Hill

district, was a distinguished officer, engaged in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he was employed in the special service of tracing the murderers of Professor Palmer and Captain Gill among the Arab tribes of the desert. For this he received the Turkish decoration of the Star of the Medjidieh, and he wrote a narrative of the expedition, which was published. Having, upon that occasion, earned the good opinion of Sir Charles Warren, who two or three years later commanded the Bechuanaland Expedition in South Africa, Captain Haynes was appointed in 1884 to be one of Sir Charles Warren's staff there, and subsequently acted on the Stellaland Commission, on the borders of the Transvaal. He held, during two years, an appointment in the Mauritius, but in the interval was Assistant Instructor in the Royal School of Military Engineering at Chatham. At the age of thirty-five, married to a lady in the Mauritius, and the father of three daughters, Captain Haynes has been killed by a shot from a cave in the rocks while gallantly leading his men to the assault. This is a sad end to a promising military career.

One of the names of our countrymen distinguished in the earlier conflicts, in March or April, at the beginning of these Matabili hostilities, was that of Trooper Henderson, specially commended for his self-sacrificing bravery and generosity proved in rescuing a wounded comrade, Trooper Celliers, while serving in the advance guard of Captain Macfarlane's patrol, surprised and cut off by a large force of the enemy. Mr. Henderson gave up his own horse to carry the wounded man, whose horse was dead, all the way to Buluwayo, a perilous journey of two days, and conducted him there in safety. This action was publicly praised by Earl Grey at an assembly of the troops in garrison when his Lordship came to Buluwayo. Mr. Herbert Henderson is a son of the late Mr. William Henderson, of Glasgow.

The inquest which followed the death of Baron Moritz Carl von Zedtwitz threw little or no new light on the accident at the regatta of the Royal Portsmouth Albert Yacht Club. Nobody was particularly to blame for the entanglement of the Baron's yacht *Isolde* with the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*; and as the Baron was generally to be found at the tiller, it is not wonderful that the falling mast should have struck him. The Baron has been called "a born diplomatist"; but if that were so, he



Photo Window and Grove, Baker Street.

THE LATE CAPTAIN ALFRED E. HAYNES.

was a yachtsman first and a diplomatist afterwards. His most intense interest was in the sport by which he lost his life before he had reached the age of forty. It is curious to remember that the prizes won by the Baron's yacht at Kiel were handed to him by the German Emperor, who took pleasure in congratulating one who had served him as Ambassador at Washington, in Mexico, and elsewhere. On another page we give an illustration of the luckless *Meteor* from a sketch made only the day before the accident, while she was anchored close to Nelson's famous flag-ship the *Victory*, now the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

An interesting souvenir of a striking episode in the financial history of the present year has been produced by the proprietor of the Royal Barum Ware Pottery, at Barnstaple, in the form of a set of cups inscribed with a record of the celebrated five million "Dunlop deal." Mr. Charles Brennan's reputation as a ceramist will not suffer by his latest production, for the cups are models of graceful design and execution, fully worthy of the well-known art-factory from which they come.

The German colony in London has been pleasantly excited by the advent of Prince Max of Saxony, who has renounced his right of succession to the throne of that country, and has entered the Catholic priesthood. The Prince preached an eloquent sermon at the German Church in Whitechapel, and afterwards attended a reunion of his countrymen, to whom he declared that he was "no longer a prince, but a priest, and that his ambition was to throw all his energies into parochial work. This interesting incident carries us back to mediæval times, when such renunciation of crowns was more common than it is now.

The Queen of Italy has taken to the bicycle. This is all the more noteworthy as only a few years ago a lady of the House of Savoy was virtually banished by King Humbert from Court because she was devoted to the too democratic wheel. No doubt M. Zola, who threatens to write a novel on cycling, has marked this illustration of its power as a social leveller. When Queens go pedalling on the highway, class distinctions are on the road to obliteration.

Professor Herkomer is a victim of the mysterious spirit which spreads fictitious tales of bicycle accidents. He was reported to have been upset on a hill in North Wales, down which he was riding without a brake. One of his hands, his painting hand, was badly injured, and people wondered whether there would be any Herkomer in next year's Academy. The story turns out to be the off-

spring of the fanciful imagination which fills the papers with the mishaps of distinguished cyclists.

Mr. Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, has received the honour of knighthood. Sir Arthur Vicars succeeded the late Sir Bernard Burke. Needless to say his knowledge of heraldry and genealogy is extensive. He is believed, moreover, to have studied the arts. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and President of the Ex Libris Society, possessing one of the largest collections of book-plates in the world.

Theosophists are bestirring themselves in Paris. An American lady has arrived there with a "mission," which is said to be very "militant." What is a "militant" Theosophist? The late William Q. Judge was "militant" in the sense that he brazened out a very flagrant imposture; but this had no effect except that of splitting the brotherhood and driving some of the faithful into infidelity. Perhaps Theosophy, in its "militant" aspect, is a sort of emanation of "free silver." The lady with a "mission" may teach us how to juggle with the currency.

Now that the Bayreuth performances are over for this year inquiries have naturally been generally made as to the future. It appears that Frau Wagner and her committee have decided to give a series of performances of "Parsifal" next year, and nothing more. It is their intention then to follow up this achievement with a second series of cycles of the "Ring des Nibelungen" in the succeeding year. On the whole, this is perhaps the best arrangement conceivable, if it is really true that it is impossible to produce both "Parsifal" and the "Ring" in the same year. It is said that the difficulty lies in engaging singers for works so various, although, with the resources of Bayreuth, this does not appear a very complicated matter to overcome; but, granted that this arrangement is to be, it is perhaps well that the world which has smiled over the stage-management of the Bayreuth "Ring" may be invited to see anew how nobly a work managed by Wagner himself shows upon the same stage.

There are continual questions being made concerning the Bayreuth copyright in "Parsifal"; on the one hand it has been largely stated that it has practically lapsed, and on the other that it will continue for quite a considerable number of years. Both answers have an element of right in them, for it is true that, according to a special Act of Parliament, the German copyright has been extended well into the twentieth century. This, however, does not apply to Austria, for which no copyright now exists, and the matter rests chiefly between the honour and the desire of managers; however, as it is not likely that any steps in the matter will be taken if Vienna does not lead, and as Richter is certain to refrain from doing anything to prejudice the rights of Bayreuth, it may be taken for granted that Bayreuth is secure in its "Parsifal," at all events for some years to come.

From Bayreuth to Munich is but one step, and, to the honour of Munich let it be said that the "Ring" being confined to Bayreuth this year, Munich devoted itself to a noble mingling of Wagner, Beethoven, and Mozart. Among the works of Wagner given at the Bavarian capital, the chief success of the year has been its "Tristan."

Nothing could have been finer than Frau Lili Lehmann's *Isolde*, which was received on Saturday last with an absolute storm of approbation at the great opera house. Again and again, when the curtain had fallen upon the first act, and again after the last act, she was recalled with every symptom of immense enthusiasm. It is true that Herr Gudehus cannot exactly be described as a Jean de Reszke, whose *Tristan* this year at Covent Garden was in fact an incomparable interpretation of this difficult part; but in every other respect, in completeness of perfection, in splendid stage work, and in high conscientiousness, the Munich performance was beyond praise. Herr Strauss was the conductor.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

SIR ARTHUR EDWARD VICARS,
Ulster King-at-Arms.

MR. HERBERT HENDERSON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen leaves Osborne for Balmoral on the last day of August. She is accompanied at Osborne by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Countess Feodore Gleichen. Among the visitors staying with her Majesty last week was Sir Francis Clare Ford, her Ambassador to Rome. Several naval officers of the fleet at Spithead, and of the royal yachts, dined at Osborne House.

The Prince of Wales, staying at Homburg, was joined there on Aug. 20 by the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. His Royal Highness has this week attended the races at Baden. The Princesses have gone to Copenhagen, arriving last Saturday, to visit the King and Queen of Denmark.

The Duchess of Albany, with her two children, returned home on Saturday from a visit to her sister, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, at Soestdyk, Holland.

Li-Hung-Chang, the Chinese Envoy Extraordinary, left England on Saturday by the American mail steamer *St. Louis*, from Southampton, for New York. He went to the Empire Theatre on Friday evening.

The Duke of Connaught at Aldershot on Monday presented to the detachments of troops who served in the Ashanti Expedition—the Special Service Corps of picked soldiers, the Royal Engineers, the Rifle Brigade, the Medical Staff, Army Service, and Ordnance Store Corps—the decoration granted for that campaign, 120 officers and privates being assembled to receive it.

An exhibition of pattern samples of British manufactures suitable for the colonial markets is being collected and sent to England, at the request of Mr. Chamberlain, by the Governments of the various colonies, and the first instalment, contributed by the West Indies, has been placed on view at the rooms of the London Chamber of Commerce.

Hastings this week has been enlivened by a series of public festivities styled the Carnival, with athletics, dancing, cycling, and acrobatic performances in the Alexandra Park, theatricals, concerts, a grand fancy dress procession, and a floral fête, including a "battle of flowers." There was some disturbance among the crowd on Tuesday, and the barricades were broken through.

At Studley Royal, near Ripon, under the patronage of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, a brilliant and interesting entertainment took place last week. In the beautiful park, which includes the ruins of Fountains Abbey, there was a well arranged costume procession, illustrative of the successive ages of English history. This entertainment attracted a multitude of visitors.

Off the Scilly Islands, on Saturday, a French fishing vessel, returning from Iceland, was sunk by collision with a foreign steamer, and fourteen men were drowned.

Further interesting details of the recent Arctic exploring expeditions have been received. The Norwegian steamer *Fram*, after being left by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, in March 1895, off the New Siberian Islands, in latitude 84 deg. N., longitude 102½ deg. E., drifted to the north-west, attaining latitude 85 deg. 57 min., till November; she then drifted southward, but was almost stationary from February to July this year, got free of the ice in the middle of August, and has arrived safely at Tromsø, under command of Captain Sverdrup. The *Fram* visited Dr. Andrée, the Swedish ballooning explorer, at Danes Island on Aug. 13; he has given up his ascent for this year, and has since arrived in the *Virgo* at Tromsø.

In addition to what has already been stated of the results of Sir Martin Conway's exploring journey in Spitzbergen, we have the report of an excursion by Messrs. A. Trevor-Battye and E. S. Garwood to Horn Sound, with the examination of formidable glaciers and the ascent of a singular marble mountain, Hornsund Tynd, in the centre of the southern part of that island.

Little is stirring in Continental politics just now, except the pending resolutions or serious deliberations of the European Powers concerning a settlement of the Cretan question, which topic is separately noticed. Foreign journalists, especially in Paris, are discussing also, with some eagerness, the significance of the Czar's approaching visit, which is expected there on Oct. 6. At Vienna, on Aug. 27, in his visit, with the Czarina, to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and at Breslau, where he meets the German Emperor on Sept. 5, as well as on their arrival at the

French capital a month later, the Czar will be accompanied by his chief Minister, Prince Lobanoff. But this will not be the case with the comparatively private visits of the Russian imperial pair, in the middle and latter part of September, to Copenhagen and to Balmoral. They will arrive in Scotland about Sept. 21. There is a rumour that the Czarina will stay at Balmoral with the Queen, instead of accompanying the Czar to Paris, but will afterwards be with him at Darmstadt. It is also stated that, before returning home, they will go from Darmstadt to Italy, and will be present at the wedding of the Prince of Naples to Princess Helen of Montenegro, at Rome.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Hamed bin Thwaim bin Said, died on Tuesday. He was about forty years of age, and had reigned three years.

Our news from South Africa this week is highly satisfactory. The Matabili warrior chiefs in the Matoppo Hill district have been induced to surrender and to lay down their arms. This has, no doubt, been brought about mainly by Sir Frederick Carrington's military operations, in executing which Colonels Plumer, Baden-Powell, and other active officers frequently mentioned, have effectually confined the enemy to a region that cannot furnish means of subsistence when the store of provisions is consumed. The campaign has been performed by small parties of mounted riflemen, usually with the aid of one or two light field-guns or machine-guns; and the Matabili, fighting bravely enough, with some tactical skill, in large masses, a considerable proportion of them using firearms, have invariably been defeated where the ground was tolerably open, losing upon such occasions from one to three hundred men killed, but have been able to defend their strongholds among the rocks and caves. These conflicts have cost the loss of some valuable lives, probably

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The London theatrical season nowadays goes more or less gaily on throughout the year. The end of July generally finds the leading actor-managers closing the shutters of their theatres, that they themselves may be off either on a well-earned holiday or on the fulfilment of their professional obligations to the great circle of provincial playgoers; but in most cases the shutters are closed only to be speedily thrown open again by one actor or another of the younger generation, eager to taste the bitter-sweets of management.

This year, however, the holiday season was inaugurated by the Comedy Theatre under what is once more to be its regular management, although the absence of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's own name from the cast gives the programme somewhat of the semblance of the temporary régime. The farcical comedy, entitled "The Mummy," with which the little Panton Street playhouse was reopened, has been considerably overhauled by its authors, Messrs. George Day and Allan Reed, since its original production at a matinée some few weeks ago, yet it can hardly be asserted with confidence that the piece proves wholly worthy of its translation into the evening bill even in its revised form. What humour it possesses is of a very mechanical kind, and of wit there is scarcely a trace in its composition. Yet the sheer extravagance of its situations compels a certain amount of laughter, and regarded merely as a frame for what, if only he had some cleverer "lines" to say, would be one of Mr. Lionel Brough's drollest impersonations, perhaps 'tis enough, 'twill serve. For Mr. Brough is certainly very comic as the resurrected mummy Rameses. The ancient Egyptian's perplexity at the progress of the world during the two thousand years of his interment, and the archaic solemnity of his whole demeanour, are most grotesquely realised by the actor, who is well supported in his best

scenes by Miss Annie Goward as the black maid-servant Cleopatra.

The new four-act play, "A Blind Marriage," with which Mr. Herbert Standing has opened his season at the Criterion Theatre, has a strong leaning towards melodrama. Indeed it is a melodrama of the less clamant kind, and cannot be said to be much more than an ingenious rehabilitation of well-worn material. But for all that it is constructed with a certain workman-like neatness which seems to promise that its author may one day write a play deserving of more serious attention than his first effort. Several of the situations are theatrically effective, but the play as a whole has such a conventional ring that the spectator's pulse remains unstirred. The

strongest scene is the one in which the blind Lord Langdale recovers his sight only to recognise in the devoted wife whom he has never seen the woman whom he has always believed to have been the mistress of his old friend, Jim Spencer. It is to this same friend that he owes his blindness, the result of a shooting accident, so that the whole thing looks uncommonly black to his suddenly awakened eyes; but the situation is so clumsily developed that it falls very far short of its possible poignancy. Any popularity that "A Blind Marriage" may win will be largely due to the excellence of the acting. As the heroine whose stainless "past" consisted in the earning of her livelihood as the "piano-girl" of a West-American frontier gambling saloon, Miss Kate Rorke plays with all her wonted earnestness and womanly charm, and it is not Mr. Fulton's fault that he is too transparent a villain as the treacherous lover who has falsely blighted her fair fame. As a genial American who is everyone's guardian-angel and who finally reveals the villain's true colours, Mr. Herbert Standing acts with delightful point and finish, and Mr. Herbert Waring's suggestion of the hero's blindness is very convincing in its pathos.

To judge from the enthusiasm of its reception the other night there should be a second run of some prosperity in store for Mr. James Mortimer's highly diverting farce "Gloriana," with which, under the substituted title of "My Artful Valet," Mr. James Welch has reopened Terry's Theatre. Mr. Mortimer's ingenious adaptation of "Le Truc d'Arthur" of MM. Chivot and Duru certainly emerges from the ordeal of revival far more successfully than most pieces of its kind, probably by reason of the essential humour of its theme. For the plausible servant who masquerades as his master has a long pedigree which may be traced backwards through French and Spanish dramatic literature to Latin comedy itself. In the character of Spinks, the artful valet, who changes places with his master, a gay young diplomat, in order to save him from the attentions of the fascinating widow Gloriana, Mr. Welch is intensely droll. Admirably spirited, too, is the acting of the other members of the company.



THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Photo J. Thomson, Brompton Road.

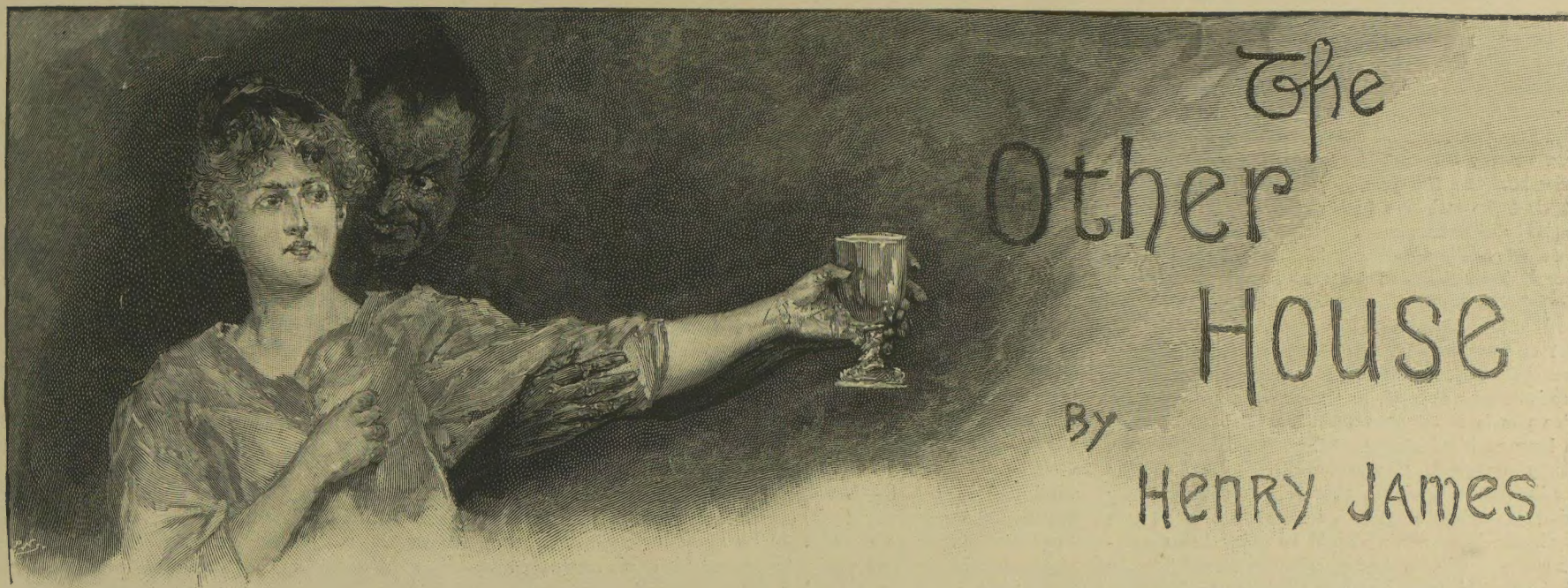
a score of killed, reckoning them altogether, on the side of the white men; but far more deplorable is the total number of defenceless people massacred, settlers with their families, numbering at least two hundred, since the beginning of the revolt in May, besides the immense amount of damage to property, and to private and public interests. On Friday, Aug. 21, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Sauer, and Mr. Colenbrander, with a newspaper correspondent, having received a message from Sekombo and the other principal Matabili chiefs who were assembled in council at a place in the hills four miles distant from the camp, rode up thither with two attendants, and unarmed, to attend a peace conference, which lasted five hours. The result was that the Matabili consented to a general surrender, and promised that hostilities should cease at once.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

The appointment of Earl Waldegrave to be Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, in succession to the late Earl of Limerick, has drawn attention to a picturesque survival of an historic institution. The ancient body known as "Yeomen of the Guard" owes its origin to the doubtful security of Henry VII. on the throne to which he succeeded out of troubles such as might yet avail to overthrow his rule. Realising the dangers of his position, Henry, at his coronation in 1485, instituted this corps of foot-guards to the King's person. These guards were at first fifty in number and were commanded by a Captain, but Henry VIII. greatly increased them and supplied a portion of them with horses. At the siege of Têrouenne, indeed, this royal guard mustered six hundred strong, but under Elizabeth and James I. the ordinary guard of Yeomen was limited to two hundred with one hundred supernumeraries from whose ranks the regular body was to be recruited. After the Restoration the Yeomen of the Guard, who under the Commonwealth had ceased to be, were reinstituted as a body of one hundred men, with seventy supernumeraries, and this has remained the numerical strength of the corps down to the present time.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S "METEOR" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, ANCHORED IN FRONT OF NELSON'S "VICTORY," NOW THE FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL SIR NOWELL SALMON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PORTSMOUTH.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XXII.

At the sight of the two persons in the garden Rose came straight down to them, and Mrs. Beever, sombre and sharp, still seeking relief in the opportunity for satire, remarked to her companion, in a manner at once ominous and indifferent, that her guest was evidently in eager pursuit of him. Tony replied with gaiety that he awaited her with fortitude, and Rose, reaching them, let him know that, as she had something more to say to him, she was glad he had not, as she feared, quitted the garden. Mrs. Beever hereupon signified her own intention of taking this course: she would leave their visitor, as she said, to Rose to deal with.

Rose smiled with her best grace. "That's as I leave Paul to you. I've just been with him."

Mrs. Beever testified not only to interest, but to approval. "In the library?"

"In the drawing-room." Rose, the next moment, conscientiously showed by a further remark her appreciation of the attitude that, on the part of her hostess, she had succeeded in producing. "Miss Martle's in the library."

"And Effie?" Mrs. Beever asked.

"Effie, of course, is where Miss Martle is."

Tony, during this brief colloquy, had lounged away as restlessly as if, instead of beaming on the lady of Eastmead, Rose were watching the master of the other house. He promptly turned round. "I say, dear lady, you know—be kind to her!"

"To Effie?" Mrs. Beever demanded.

"To poor Jean."

Mrs. Beever, after an instant's reflection, took a humorous view of his request. "I don't know why you call her 'poor'! She has declined an excellent settlement, but she's not in misery yet." Then she said to Rose: "I'll take him first."

Rose had put down her parasol, pricking the point of it, as if with a certain shyness, into the close, firm lawn. "If you like, when you take Miss Martle—" She paused, in deep contemplation of Tony.

"When I take Miss Martle?" There was a new encouragement in Mrs. Beever's voice.

The apparent effect of this benignity was to make Miss Armiger's eyes widen strangely at their companion. "Why, I'll come back and take the child."

Mrs. Beever met this offer with an alertness not hitherto markedly characteristic of her intercourse with Rose. "I'll send her out to you." Then, by way of an obeisance to Tony, directing the words well at him: "It won't indeed be a scene for that poor lamb!" She marched off with her duty emblazoned on her square satin back.

Tony, struck by the massive characters in which it was written there, broke into an indulgent laugh, but even in his mirth he traced the satisfaction she took in letting him see that she measured with some complacency the embarrassment Rose might cause him. "Does she propose to tear Miss Martle limb from limb?" he humorously inquired.

"Do you ask that," said Rose, "partly because you're apprehensive that it's what I propose to do to you?"

"By no means, my dear Rose, after your just giving me so marked a sign of the pacific as your coming round—"

"On the question," Rose broke in, "of one's relation to that little image and echo of her adored mother? That isn't peace, my dear Tony. You give me just the occasion to let you formally know that it's war."

Tony gave another laugh. "War?"

"Not on you—I pity you too much."

"Then on whom?"

Rose hesitated. "On anyone, on everyone, who may be likely to find that small child—small as she is!—inconvenient. Oh, I know," she went on, "you'll say I come late in the day for this, and you'll remind me of how very

the lawn the sheen of her white dress; but what he most felt was a lively, unreasoning hope that for the hour at least, and until he should have time to turn round and see what his own situation exactly contained for him, her mere incontestable cleverness would achieve a revolution during which he might take breath. This was not a hope that in any way met his difficulties—it was a hope that only avoided them; but he had lately had a vision of something in which it was still obscure to him whether the bitter or the sweet prevailed, and he was ready to make almost any terms to be allowed to surrender himself to these first quick throbs of response to what was at any rate an impression of perfect beauty. He was in bliss with a great chill and in despair with a great lift, and confused and assured and alarmed—divided between the joy and the pain of knowing that what Jean Martle had done she had done for him, and

done full in the face of all he couldn't do to repay her. That Tony Bream might never marry was a simple enough affair, but that this rare creature might suddenly figured to him as formidable and exquisite. Therefore he found his nerves rather indebted to Rose for her being—if that was the explanation—too proud to be vulgarly vindictive. She knew his secret, as, even after seeing it so freely handled by Mrs. Beever, he still rather artlessly called the motive of his vain appeal; knew it better than before, since she could now read it in the intenser light of the knowledge of it betrayed by another. If on this advantage he had no reason to look to her for generosity, it was at least a comfort that he might look to her for good manners. Poor Tony had the full consciousness of needing to think out a line, but it weighed somewhat against that oppression to feel that Rose also would have it. He was only a little troubled by the idea that, ardent and subtle, she would probably think faster than he. He turned over a moment the revelation of these qualities conveyed in her announcement of a change, as he might call it, of policy.

"What you say is charming," he good-naturedly replied, "so far as it represents an accession to the ranks of my daughter's friends. You will never remind me without touching me how nearly a sister

you were to her mother; and I would rather express the pleasure I take in that than the bewilderment I feel at your allusion to any class of persons whose interest in her may not be sincere. The more friends she has, the better—I welcome you all. The only thing I ask of you," he went on, smiling, "is not to quarrel about her among yourselves."

Rose, as she listened, looked almost religiously calm, but as she answered there was a profane quaver in her voice that told him with what an effort she achieved that sacrifice to form for which he was so pusillanimously grateful. "It's very good of you to make the best of me; and it's also very clever of you, let me add, my dear Tony—and add with all deference to your goodness—to



"I came to ask her about you."

short a time ago it was that I declined a request of yours to occupy myself with her at all. Only half an hour has elapsed, but what has happened in it has made all the difference."

She spoke without discernible excitement, and Tony had already become aware that the face she actually showed him was not a thing to make him estimate directly the effect wrought in her by the incongruous result of the influence he had put forth under pressure of her ardour. He needed no great imagination to conceive that this consequence might, on the poor girl's part, well be mainly lodged in such depths of her nature as not to find an easy or an immediate way to the surface. That he had her to reckon with he was reminded as soon as he caught across

succeed in implying that any other course is open to you. You may welcome me as a friend of the child or not. I'm present for her, at any rate, and present as I've never been before."

Tony's gratitude, suddenly contracting, left a little edge for irritation. "You're present, assuredly, my dear Rose, and your presence is to us all an advantage of which, happily, we never become unconscious for an hour. But do I understand that the firm position among us that you allude to is one to which you see your way to attaching any possibility of permanence?"

She waited as if scrupulously to detach from its stem the flower of irony that had sprouted in this speech, and while she inhaled it she gave her visible attention only to the little hole in the lawn that she continued to prick with the point of her parasol. "If that's a graceful way of asking me," she returned at last, "whether the end of my visit here isn't near at hand, perhaps the best satisfaction I can give you is to say that I shall probably stay on at least as long as Miss Martle. What I meant, however, just now," she pursued, "by saying that I'm more on the spot than heretofore, is simply that while I do stay I stay to be vigilant. That's what I hurried out to let you definitely know, in case you should be going home without our meeting again. I told you before I went into the house that I trusted you—I needn't recall to you for what. Mr. Beever after a while came in and told me that Miss Martle had refused him. Then I felt that, after what had passed between us, it was only fair to say to you—"

"That you've ceased to trust me?" Tony interrupted.

"By no means. I don't give and take back." And though his companion's handsome head, with its fixed, pale face, rose high, it became appreciably handsomer and reached considerably higher, while she wore once more the air of looking at his mistake through the enlarging blur of tears. "As I believe you did, in honour, what you could for Mr. Beever, I trust you perfectly still."

Tony smiled as if he apologised, but as if also he couldn't but wonder. "Then it's only fair to say to me—?"

"That I don't trust Miss Martle."

"Oh, my dear woman!" Tony precipitately laughed.

But Rose went on with all deliberation and distinctness. "That's what has made the difference—that's what has brought me, as you say, round to a sense of my possible use, or rather of my clear obligation. Half an hour ago I knew how much you love her. Now I know how much she loves you."

Tony's laugh suddenly dropped; he showed the face of a man for whom a joke has sharply turned grave. "And what is it that, in possession of this admirable knowledge, you see—?"

Rose faltered; but she had not come so far simply to make a botch of it. "Why, that it's the obvious interest of the person we speak of not to have too stupid a patience with any obstacle to her marrying you."

This speech had a quiet lucidity of which the odd action was, for an instant, to make him lose breath so violently that, in his quick gasp, he felt sick. In the indignity of the sensation he struck out. "Pray, why is it the person's obvious interest any more than it's yours?"

"Seeing that I love you quite as much as she does? Because you don't love me quite as much as you love her. That's exactly 'why,' dear Tony Bream!" said Rose Armiger.

She turned away from him sadly and nobly, as if she had done with him and with the subject, and he stood where she had left him, gazing at the foolish greenness at his feet and slowly passing his hand over his head. In a few seconds, however, he heard her utter a strange, short cry, and, looking round, saw her face to face—across the interval of sloping lawn—with a gentleman whom he had been sufficiently prepared to recognise on the spot as Dennis Vidal.

XXIII.

He had, in this preparation, the full advantage of Rose, who, quite thrown for the moment off her balance, was vividly unable to give any account of the apparition which should be profitable to herself. The violence of her surprise made her catch the back of the nearest chair, on which she covertly rested, directing at her old suitor from this position the widest eyes the master of Bounds had ever seen her unwittingly open. To perceive this, however, was to be almost simultaneously struck, and even to be not a little charmed, with the clever quickness of her recovery—that of a person constitutionally averse to making unmeasured displays. Rose was capable of astonishment, as she was capable of other kinds of emotion; but she was as little capable of giving way to it as she was of giving way to other kinds; so that both of her companions immediately saw her moved by the sense that a perturbing incident could at the worst do her no such evil turn as she might suffer by taking it in the wrong way. Tony became aware, in addition, that the fact communicated to him by Mrs. Beever gave him an advantage even over the poor fellow whose face, as he stood there, showed the traces of an insufficient forecast of two things: one of them the influence on all his pulses of the sight again, after such an interval, and in the high insolence of life and strength, of the woman he had lost and still loved; the other the instant effect on his imagination of his finding her intimately

engaged with the man who had been, however without fault, the occasion of her perversity. Vidal's marked alertness had momentarily failed him; he paused in his advance long enough to give Tony, after noting and regretting his agitation, time to feel that Rose was already as colourlessly bland as a sensitive woman could wish to be.

All this made the silence, however brief—and it was much briefer than my account of it—vibrate to such a tune as to prompt Tony to speak as soon as possible in the interest of harmony. What directly concerned him was that he had last seen Vidal as his own duly appreciative guest, and he offered him a hand freely charged with reminders of that quality. He was refreshed and even a little surprised to observe that the young man took it, after all, without stiffness; but the strangest thing in the world was that as he cordially brought him up the bank he had a mystic glimpse of the fact that Rose Armiger, with her heart in her throat, was waiting for some sign as to whether she might, for the benefit of her intercourse with himself, safely take the ground of having expected what had happened—having perhaps even brought it about. She naturally took counsel of her fears, and Tony, suddenly more elated than he could have given a reason for being, was ready to concur in any attempt she might make to save her appearance of knowing no reproach. Yet, foreseeing the awkwardness that might arise from her committing herself too rashly, he made haste to say to Vidal that he would have been startled if he had not been forewarned: Mrs. Beever had mentioned to him the visit she had just received.

"Ah, she told you?" Dennis asked.

"Me only—as a great sign of confidence," Tony laughed.

Rose, at this, could be amazed with superiority. "What?—you've already been here?"

"An hour ago," said Dennis. "I asked Mrs. Beever not to tell you."

That was a chance for positive criticism. "She obeyed your request to the letter. But why in the world such portentous secrecy?" Rose spoke as if there was no shade of a reason for his feeling shy, and now gave him an excellent example of the right tone. She had emulated Tony's own gesture of welcome, and he said to himself that no young woman could have stretched a more elastic arm across a desert of four cold years.

"I can explain to you better," Dennis replied, "why I emerged than why I vanished."

"You emerged, I suppose, because you wanted to see me." Rose spoke to one of her admirers, but she looked, she even laughed, at the other, showing him by this time an aspect completely and inscrutably renewed. "You knew I was here?"

"At Wilverley?" Dennis hesitated. "I took it for granted."

"I'm afraid it was really for Miss Armiger you came," Tony remarked in the spirit of pleasantry. It seemed to him that the spirit of pleasantry would help them on.

It had its result—it proved contagious. "I would still say so—before her—even if it weren't!" Dennis returned.

Rose took up the joke. "Fortunately it's true—so it saves you a fib."

"It saves me a fib!" Dennis said.

In this way the trick was successfully played—they found their feet; with the added amusement, for Tony, of hearing the necessary falsehood uttered neither by himself nor by Rose, but by a man whose veracity, from the first, on that earlier day, of looking at him, he had felt to be almost incompatible with the flow of conversation. It was more and more distinct while the minutes elapsed that the secondary effect of her old friend's reappearance was to make Rose shine with a more convenient light; and she met her embarrassment, every way, with so happy an art that Tony was moved to deplore afresh the complication that estranged him from a woman of such gifts. It made up indeed a little for this that he was also never so possessed of his own as when there was something to carry off or to put, as the phrase was, through. His light hand, his slightly florid facility were the things that in managing, in presiding, had rendered him so widely popular; and wasn't he, precisely, a little presiding, wasn't he a good deal managing, just now? Vidal would be a blessed diversion—especially if he should be pressed into the service as one: Tony was content for the moment to see this with eagerness rather than to see it whole. His eagerness was justified by the circumstance that the young man from China did somehow or other—the reasons would appear after the fact—represent relief, relief not made vain by the reflection that it was perhaps only temporary. Rose herself, thank heaven, was, with all her exaltation, only temporary. He could already condone the officiousness of a gentleman too interested in Effie's equilibrium: the grounds of that indiscretion gleamed agreeably through it as soon as he had seen the visitor's fingers draw together over the hand held out by Rose. It was matter to whistle over, to bustle over, that, as had been certified by Mrs. Beever, the passion betrayed by that clasp had survived its shipwreck, and there wasn't a rope's end Tony could throw, or a stray stick he could hold out, for which he didn't immediately cast about him. He saw indeed from this moment his whole comfort in

the idea of an organised rescue and of making the struggling swimmer know, as a preliminary, how little anyone at the other house was interested in preventing him to land.

Vidal had, for that matter, not been three minutes in touch with him before he really began to see this happy perception descend. It was, in a manner, to haul him ashore to invite him to dine and sleep; which Tony lost as little time as possible in doing; expressing the hope that he had not gone to the inn and that even if he had he would consent to the quick transfer of his effects to Bounds. Dennis showed that he had still some wonder for such an overture, but before he could respond to it the words were taken out of his mouth by Rose, whose recovery from her upset was complete from the moment she could seize a pretext for the extravagance of tranquillity.

"Why should you take him away from us, and why should he consent to be taken? Won't Mrs. Beever," Rose asked of Dennis—"since you're not snatching the fearful joy of a clandestine visit to her—expect you, if you stay anywhere, to give her the preference?"

"Allow me to remind you, and to remind Mr. Vidal," Tony returned, "that when he was here before he gave her the preference. Mrs. Beever made no scruple of removing him bodily from under my roof. I forfeited—I was obliged to—the pleasure of a visit to him. But that leaves me with my loss to make up and my revenge to take—I repay Mrs. Beever in kind." To find Rose disputing with him the possession of their friend filled him with immediate cheer. "Don't you recognise," he went on to him, "the propriety of what I propose? I take you and deal with Mrs. Beever, as she took you and dealt with me. Besides, your things have not even been brought here as they had of old been brought to Bounds. I promise to share you with these ladies and not to grudge you the time you may wish to spend with Miss Armiger. I understand but too well the number of hours I shall find you putting in. You shall pay me a long visit and come over here as often as you like, and your presence at Bounds may even possibly have the consequence of making them honour me there a little oftener with their own."

Vidal looked from one of his companions to the other; he struck Tony as slightly mystified, but not beyond the point at which curiosity was agreeable. "I think I had better go to Mr. Bream," he after a moment sturdily said to Rose. "There's a matter on which I wish to talk with you, but I don't see that that need prevent."

"It's for you to determine. There's a matter on which I find myself, to you also, particularly glad of the opportunity of saying a word."

Tony glanced promptly at his watch and at Rose. "Your opportunity's before you—say your word now. I've a little job in the town," he explained to Vidal; "I must attend to it quickly, and I can easily stop at the hotel and give directions for the removal of your traps. All you will have to do, then, will be to take the short way, which you know—over the bridge there and through my garden—to my door. We shall dine at an easy eight."

Dennis Vidal assented to this arrangement without qualification and indeed almost without expression: there evidently lingered in him an operative sense that there were compensations Mr. Bream might be allowed the luxurious consciousness of owing him. Rose, however, showed she still had a communication to make to Tony, who had begun to move in the quarter leading straight from Eastmead to the town, so that he would have to pass near the house on going out. She introduced it with a question about his movements. "You'll stop, then, on your way and tell Mrs. Beever—?"

"Of my having appropriated our friend? Not this moment," said Tony—"I've to meet a man on business, and I shall only just have time. I shall, if possible, come back here, but meanwhile perhaps you'll kindly explain. Come straight over and take possession," he added, to Vidal; "make yourself at home—don't wait for me to return to you." He offered him a hand-shake again, and then, with his native impulse to accommodate and to harmonise making a friendly light in his face, he offered one to Rose herself. She accepted it so frankly that she even, for a minute, kept his hand—a response that he approved with a smile so encouraging that it scarcely needed even the confirmation of speech. They stood there while Dennis Vidal turned away as if they might have matters between them, and Tony yielded to the impulse to prove to Rose that, though there were things he kept from her, he kept nothing that was not absolutely necessary. "There's something else I've got to do—I've got to stop at the Doctor's."

Rose raised her eyebrows. "To consult him?"

"To ask him to come over."

"I hope you're not ill."

"Never better in my life. I want him to see Effie."

"She's not ill, surely?"

"She's not right—with the fright Gorham had this morning. So I'm not satisfied."

"Let him then by all means see her," Rose said.

Their talk had, through the action of Vidal's presence, dropped from its chilly height to the warmest domestic level, and what now stuck out of Tony was the desire she should understand that on such ground as that he was always glad to meet her. Dennis Vidal faced about again in time to be called, as it were, if only by the tone of his

host's voice, to witness this. "*A bientôt.* Let me hear from you—and from him—that in my absence you've been extremely kind to our friend here."

Rose, with a small but vivid fever-spot in her cheek, looked from one of the men to the other, while her kindled eyes showed a gathered purpose that had the prompt and perceptible effect of exciting suspense. "I don't mind letting you know, Mr. Bream, in advance exactly how kind I shall be. It would be affectation on my part to pretend to be unaware of your already knowing something of what has passed between this gentleman and me. He suffered, at my hands, in this place, four years ago, a disappointment—a disappointment into the rights and wrongs, into the good reasons of which I won't attempt to go further than just to say that an inevitable publicity then attached to it." She spoke with slow and deliberate clearness, still looking from Tony to Vidal and back again; after which her strange intensity fixed itself on her old suitor. "People saw, Mr. Vidal," she went on, "the blight that descended on our long relations, and people

actress who has launched her great stroke. Tony, between them, hesitated; then he laughed in a manner that showed he felt safe. "Oh, you're both all right!" he declared; and with another glance at his watch he bounded off to his business. He drew, as he went, a long breath—filled his lungs with the sense that he should after all have a margin. She would take Vidal back.

XXIV.

"Why did you do that?" Dennis asked as soon as he was alone with Rose.

She had sunk into a seat at a distance from him, all spent with her great response to her sudden opportunity for justice. His challenge brought her flight to earth; and after waiting a moment she answered him with a question that betrayed her sense of coming down. "Do you really care, after all this time, what I do or don't do?"

His rejoinder to this was in turn only another demand. "What business is it of his that you may have done this

which of them. I think you ought to answer my question," Vidal said, "before asking any more of your own."

"No, no," she replied, promptly but gently; "there's an inquiry it seems to me I've a right to make of you before I admit yours to make any at all." She looked at him as if to give him time either to assent or to object; but he only sat rather stiffly back and let her see how fine and firm the added years had hammered him. "What are you really here for? Has it anything to do with *me*?"

Dennis remained profoundly grave. "I didn't know you were here—I had no reason to," he at last replied.

"Then you simply desired the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance with Mrs. Beever?"

"I came to ask her about you."

"How beautiful of you!"—and Rose's tone, untinged with irony, rang out as clear as the impulse it praised. "Fancy your caring!" she added; after which she continued: "As I understand you, then, you've had your chance, you've talked with her."

"A very short time. I put her a question or two."



"Does she propose to tear Miss Martie limb from limb?"

believed—and I was at the time indifferent to their believing—that it had occurred by my act. I'm not indifferent now—that is to any appearance of having been wanting in consideration for such a man as you. I've often wished I might make you some reparation—some open atonement. I'm sorry for the distress that I'm afraid I caused you, and here, before the principal witness of the indignity you so magnanimously met, I very sincerely express my regret and very humbly beg your forgiveness." Dennis Vidal, staring at her, had turned dead white as she kept it up, and the quiet nobleness of her inspired penance had brought tears into Tony's eyes. She saw them there as she looked at him once more, and she measured the effect she produced upon him. She visibly and excusably enjoyed it, and after a moment's pause she handsomely and pathetically completed it. "That, Mr. Bream—for your injunction of kindness—is the kindness I'm capable of showing."

Tony turned instantly to their companion, who now stood staring hard at the ground. "I change, then, my appeal—I make it, with confidence, to *you*. Let me hear, Mr. Vidal, when we meet again, that you've not been capable of less!" Dennis, deeply moved, it was plain, but self-conscious and stiff, gave no sign of having heard him; and Rose, on her side, walked away a little, like an

or that to me? What has passed between us is still between us: nobody else has anything to do with it."

Rose smiled at him as if to thank him for being again a trifle sharp with her. "He wants me, as he said, to be kind to you."

"You mean he wants you to do *that* sort of thing?" His sharpness brought him step by step across the lawn and nearer to her. "Do you care so very much what he wants?"

Again she hesitated; then, with her pleased, patient smile, she tapped the empty place on the bench. "Come and sit down beside me, and I'll tell you how much I care." He obeyed her, but not precipitately, approaching her with a deliberation which still held her off a little, made her objective to his inspection or his mistrust. He had said to Mrs. Beever that he had not come to watch her, but we are at liberty to wonder what Mrs. Beever might have called the attitude in which, before seating himself, he stopped before her with a silent stare. She met him at any rate with a face that told him there was no scrutiny she was now enough in the wrong to fear, a face that was all the promise of confession and submission and sacrifice. She tapped again upon her bench, and at this he sat down. Then she went on: "When did you come back?"

"To England? The other day—I don't remember

"I won't ask you what they were," said Rose: "I'll only say that, since I happen to be here, it may be a comfort to you not to have to content yourself with information at second-hand. Ask *me* what you like. I'll tell you everything."

Her companion considered. "You might then begin by telling me what I've already asked."

She took him up before he could go on. "Oh, why I attached an importance to his hearing what I just now said? Yes, yes; you shall have it." She turned it over as if with the sole thought of giving it to him with the utmost lucidity; then she was visibly struck with the help she should derive from knowing just one thing more. "But first—are you at all jealous of him?"

Dennis Vidal broke into a laugh which might have been a tribute to her rare audacity, yet which somehow, at the same time, made him seem only more serious. "That's a thing for you to find out for yourself!"

"I see—I see." She looked at him with musing, indulgent eyes. "It would be too wonderful. Yet otherwise, after all, why should you care?"

"I don't mind telling you frankly," said Dennis, while, with two fingers softly playing upon her lower lip, she sat estimating the possibility she had named—"I don't mind telling you frankly that I asked Mrs. Beever if you were still in love with him."

She clasped her hands so eagerly that she almost clapped them. "Then you do care?"

He was looking beyond her now—at something at the other end of the garden; and he made no other reply than to say: "She didn't give you away."

"It was very good of her; but I would tell you myself, you know, perfectly, if I were."

"You didn't tell me perfectly four years ago," Dennis returned.

Rose hesitated a minute; but this didn't prevent her speaking with an effect of great promptitude. "Oh, four years ago I was the biggest fool in England!"

Dennis, at this, met her eyes again. "Then what I asked Mrs. Beever—"

"Isn't true?" Rose caught him up. "It's an exquisite position," she said, "for a woman to be questioned as you question me, and to have to answer as I answer you. But it's your revenge, and you've already seen that to your revenge I minister with a certain amount of resolution." She let him look at her a minute; at last she said without flinching: "I'm not in love with Anthony Bream."

Dennis shook his head sadly. "What does that do for my revenge?"

Rose had another quick flush. "It shows you what I consent to discuss with you," she rather proudly replied.

He turned his eyes back to the quarter to which he had directed them before. "You do consent?"

"Can you ask—after what I've done?"

"Well, then: *he* no longer cares—?"

"For me?" said Rose. "He never cared."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my honour."

"But you had an idea—?"

Dennis bravely pursued. Rose as dauntlessly met him. "I had an idea."

"And you've had to give it up?"

"I've had to give it up."

Dennis was silent; he slowly got upon his feet. "Well—that does something."

"For your revenge?" She sounded a bitter laugh. "I should think it might! What it does is magnificent!"

He stood looking over her head till at last he exclaimed: "So, apparently, is the child!"

"She has come?" Rose sprang up to find that Effie had been borne toward them, across the grass, in the arms of the muscular Manning, who, having stooped to set her down and given her a vigorous impulsion from behind, recovered the military stature and posture.

"You're to take her, Miss, please—from Mrs. Beever. And you're to keep her."

Rose had already greeted the little visitor. "Please assure Mrs. Beever that I will. She's with Miss Martle?"

"She is indeed, Miss."

Manning always spoke without emotion, and the effect of it on this occasion was to give her the air of speaking without pity.

Rose, however, didn't mind that. "She may trust me," she said, while Manning saluted and retired. Then she stood before her old suitor with Effie blooming on her shoulder.

He frankly wondered and admired. "She's magnificent—she's magnificent!" he repeated.

"She's magnificent!" Rose ardently echoed. "Aren't you, my very own?" she demanded of the child with a sudden passion of tenderness.

"What did he mean about her wanting the Doctor? She'll see us *all* through—every blessed one of us!" Dennis gave himself up to his serious interest, an odd, voracious manner of taking her in from top to toe.

"You look at her like an ogre!" Rose laughed, moving away from him with her burden and pressing to her lips, as she went, a little plump pink arm. She pretended to munch it; she covered it with kisses; she gave way to the joy of her renounced abstinence. "See us all through?"

I hope so! Why shouldn't you, darling—why shouldn't you? You've got a *real* friend—you have, you duck; and she sees you know what you've got by the wonderful way you look at her!" This was to attribute to the little girl's solemn stare a vividness of meaning which moved Dennis to hilarity; Rose's profession of confidence made her immediately turn her round face, over her friend's shoulder, to the gentleman who was strolling behind and whose public criticism, as well as his public mirth, appeared to arouse in her only a soft sense of superiority. Rose sat down again where she had sat before, keeping Effie in her lap and smoothing out her fine feathers. Then their companion, after a little more detached contemplation, also took his former place.

"She makes me remember!" he presently observed.

"That extraordinary scene—poor Julia's message? You can fancy whether I forget it!"

a pang!" The child, at this, profoundly meditative and imperturbably "good," submitted serenely to the transfer and to the prompt, long kiss which, as he gathered her to him, Dennis, in his turn, imprinted on her arm. "I'll stay with *you*!" she declared with expression; on which he renewed, with finer relish, the freedom she permitted, assuring her that this settled the question and that he was her appointed champion. Rose watched the scene between them, which was charming; then she brought out abruptly: "What I said to Mr. Bream just now I didn't say for Mr. Bream."

Dennis had the little girl close to him; his arms were softly round her and, like Rose's just before, his cheek, as he tenderly bent his head, was pressed against her cheek. His eyes were on their companion. "You said it for Mr. Vidal? He liked it, all the same, better than I," he replied in a moment.

"Of course he liked it! But it doesn't matter what he likes," Rose added. "As for you—I don't know that your 'liking' it was what I wanted."

"What then did you want?"

"That you should see me utterly abased—and all the more utterly that it was in the cruel presence of another."

Dennis had raised his head and sunk back into the angle of the bench, separated from her by such space as it yielded. His face, presented to her over Effie's curls, was a lean mixture of many mystifications. "Why in the world should that give me pleasure?"

"Why in the world shouldn't it?" Rose asked. "What's your revenge but pleasure?"

She had got up again in her dire restlessness; she glowed there in the perversity of her sacrifice. If he hadn't come to Wilverley to watch her, his wonder-stricken air much wronged him. He shook his head again with his tired patience. "Oh, damn pleasure!" he exclaimed.

"It's nothing to you?" Rose cried. "Then if it isn't, perhaps you pity me?" She shone at him as if with the glimpse of a new hope.

He took it in, but he only, after a moment, echoed, ambiguously, her word. "Pity you?"

"I think you would, Dennis, if you understood."

He looked at her hard; he hesitated. At last he returned quietly, but reluctantly: "Well, Rose, I *don't* understand."

"Then I must go through it all—I must empty the cup. Yes, I must tell you."

She paused so long, however, beautiful, candid and tragic, looking in the face her necessity, but gathering herself for her effort, that, after waiting a while, he spoke. "Tell me what?"

"That I'm simply at your feet. That I'm yours to do what you will with—to take or to cast away. Perhaps you'll care a little for your triumph," she said, "when you see in it the grand opportunity I give

you. It's *your* turn to refuse now—you can treat me exactly as you were treated!"

A deep, motionless silence followed, between them, this speech, which left them confronted as if it had rather widened than bridged their separation. Before Dennis found his answer to it the sharp tension snapped in a clear, glad exclamation. The child threw out her arms and her voice: "Auntie Jean, Auntie Jean!"

(To be continued.)



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: WAITING FOR THE NILE TO RISE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Dennis was silent a little; after which he said quietly: "You've more to keep it in mind."

"I can assure you I've plenty!" Rose replied.

"And the young lady who was also present: isn't she the Miss Martle—?"

"Whom I spoke of to that woman? She's the Miss Martle. What about her?" Rose asked with her cheek against the child's.

"Does she also remember?"

"Like you and me? I haven't the least idea."

Once more Dennis paused: his pauses were filled with his friendly gaze at their small companion. "She's here again—like you?"

"And like you?" Rose smiled. "No, not like either of us. She's always here."

"And it's from her you're to keep a certain little person?"

"It's from her." Rose spoke with rich brevity.

Dennis hesitated. "Would you trust the little person to another little person?"

"To you—to hold?" Rose looked amused. "Without

The annual report of the Acting Vice-Consul on the trade of Canton for the past twelve months states that almost all the river-steamers plying between Canton and Hong-Kong and Macao are British vessels. The harbour has lately been in such an overcrowded condition that some regulation of its traffic seems much to be desired, though the Chinese authorities do not at present see their way to any improvement. The great decrease alike in the gross value and in the export trade of Newchwang is attributed to the war between China and Japan, since which trade prospects have steadily brightened.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: TAKING THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS DOWN TO WADY HALFA, WITH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

That most able journalist, Mr. J. F. Nisbet, has raised a very interesting question in connection with the sad death of the young actor at the Novelty Theatre. Crozier is reported to have said to Mr. Franks: "Don't worry, old

silent for an instant, she enacted a love passage from 'Les Fausses Confidences.' 'Is it not delicious?' she asked." The Abbé himself was at a loss who had had the last words—David with his Psalms or Muriyaux with his soft nothings.

Ziska, the national hero of Bohemia, has but one thought when dying, that his skin shall be made into a drum to be

perfectly well under the system of inoculation, results in its perfect immunity to the action of the poison, seeing that it can withstand a dose of venom fifty times that which is of lethal character. The inoculations, I believe, are continued for a still longer period, so as to ensure the perfectly protective character of the serum, which, I may mention in passing, is the fluid part of the blood.

Even before the termination of this inoculation it has been shown that the horse's serum has a power of counteracting the effects of snake-bite in man to the extent that twenty cubic centimetres (about a tablespoonful) used as an injection will save a human being from impending death. It also appears that in the case of the horse being inoculated with the venom of one species of snake, its serum becomes adapted for the treatment of all snake-bites. The treatment of snake-bite is carried out by tying a ligature tightly around the bite, by washing the part with chloride of lime solution, which has a destructive effect on the venom, and by injecting the anti-venom.

In venomous snakes it has been noted that the blood is of poisonous character. Now snakes, as a rule, are not susceptible of being killed by a bite from another snake. So that a fair inference to be drawn from the facts known regarding the blood of these reptiles, is that that fluid itself possesses and exercises a protective power. Dr. Calmette has proved that what is poisonous in the snake's blood, however, is not the venom of the animal absorbed into the blood, but a principle which the blood itself has developed out of the poison. The actual venom of the snake passed into its blood has become modified, in other words, by the blood, so as to protect the animal from injury by or through the venom itself. The hitherto mysterious freedom which an inveterate snake-hunter like the mongoose enjoys from the consequences of attack by serpents, is due to the fact that its blood contains a natural anti-venomous principle; and of the pig, I suppose, the same remark holds good. The poison used by Dr. Calmette in his recent experiments was that of the cobra. So potent was this virus—preserved, it may be added, in carbolized water—that a very minute quantity (two milligrammes) injected into the ear of a rabbit killed it in twelve minutes. In the Lille experiments, the rabbits which had been protected by inoculation all survived big doses of the snake-poison, while unprotected rabbits perished. Very satisfactory is it to read of human patients being saved from a horrible death by the timely application of this latest triumph of scientific research.

It is curious to observe how otherwise reasonable persons may on occasion develop opinions of a fanatical kind regarding a special topic in which they are interested. The question of medical men "advertising" is such a topic, and judging from recent utterances made by certain members of the profession in conclave assembled, their wits must really have gone wool-gathering. That a physician should denote his profession on his doorplate would seem to ordinary mortals a reasonable enough proposition, but certain professors of medical etiquette would appear to object to that apparently harmless proceeding, and one which would seem to be necessary as a preliminary to the work of the physician in earning his livelihood. I suppose the red lamp has long ago been tabooed as disreputable; and any reasonable announcement of interest to patients, made, say in a local newspaper, to the effect that Dr. So-and-So has changed his residence, would call down on the head of the medical migrant a torrent of expostulation. Then there is the question of writing books. These bear the names of their authors on the title-page. This is regarded as "advertising" in an ethical sense.

The truth is that the public laugh, and laugh heartily, when, as was recently the case, they are able to read of the squabbles of medical men on this advertising question. A professional man must be known to the public if he is to be successful; and whatever mode he adopts to make his existence and his qualifications known is surely "advertising," whether it is by a brass-plate, a red lamp, a treatise on an obscure ailment of the tympanic membrane, a pushing and energetic wife, or

man; I'm all right." Mr. Wilson Barrett voted these words "as noble and as brave a dying speech as ever dying hero spoke." Mr. Nisbet, without denying the nobleness of the words, practically contends that they were uttered mechanically. "Very likely," Mr. Nisbet remarks, "they were a phrase that the dying man had used in other circumstances, and that, therefore, came glibly to his tongue. Of heroism the poor young fellow had, doubtless, his share, but I am convinced that in that last scene of all it had no place." In short, Mr. Nisbet surmises—and not without foundation, for he gives us several instances in support—that merciful nature deprives us of our consciousness at the last moment.

Some ten or eleven years ago the same question cropped up in connection with the last words of Pitt, and though the Earl of Beaconsfield was gone his name was introduced into the debate. I fancy he took a view distinctly opposed to that of Mr. Nisbet, but I am not at all certain. In most things, even in politics, I would as soon take Mr. Nisbet's opinion as Disraeli's; for though the latter was a great novelist, the former is no mean psychologist. I judge him only by one book, but this is quite sufficient as far as I am concerned. Well, in spite of all this, I cannot altogether agree with him in this instance. Was Pope so utterly at sea when he wrote the line, "The ruling passion strong in death"? Was William the Silent absolutely unconscious of what he said when, stricken down by the bullet of Balthazar Gerard, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, have mercy upon my soul! Oh, my God, have mercy upon this poor people"?

I think not. The appeal to God to save his soul would convince me that the great liberator of the Netherlands was, if not fully, at least partly aware that his soul was about to take flight. And Heine, though he lingered a long while, did certainly not foster any illusions with regard to his imminent departure when he answered the priest who exhorted him to repent: "Don't worry yourself, dear father: God will forgive me; it is His principal business to forgive." To many people this may sound irreverent; to me it sounds like a most magnificent confession of faith. But apart from a confession of faith, the ruling passion to conclude every argument with an epigram is distinctly there.

Actors, and especially great actors, seem to be anxious to the last to make their exit as "telling" as possible. Mdle. Mars, the famous predecessor of Rachel, was on terms of affectionate friendship with Madame Dabadie, the original Jemmy of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." Madame Dabadie was distinctly religious, and often told Mdle. Mars to prepare for her last hours, to think about her soul.

Just at that time Mdle. Mars had a law-suit of importance pending at Versailles, but she promised her friend to follow her advice as soon as it had been settled. One day, however, she wrote: "Bring your Vicar to me without delay." The Abbé Gallard himself, the priest in question, has preserved the scene for us: "She was graceful and charming," he says, "and enacted her part of penitent as she has enacted every other rôle during her career. Having reminded her of her triumphs on the stage, I said, 'Where are all your splendid wreaths, Mademoiselle?' 'Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé,' she replied, 'you are preparing the most lovely and lasting one of all for me.' But at the end she became delirious, though she kept on reciting her prayers. I knew that it would be over in a short while. Then of a sudden she interrupted herself, and, after being

beaten before the hosts of his countrymen to inspire terror to their oppressors. Boerhaave, the greatest doctor of his time, is anxious that it should go forth that even the most eminent doctor is somewhat of a "humbug." He carefully hands the key of a small diary to his executor, bids him open it immediately after his decease, and let the contents go forth to the world at large. When the note-book is opened all its pages but the last are blank, and on that final one there is written in large letters, "Directions to patients. Keep your feet warm and your head cool and trust for the rest to Providence."

I should like to have Mr. Nisbet's opinion about the degree of unconsciousness implied in all this. The Boerhaave "exit" is even a greater satire on the vanity of medical science than that of Samuel Garth; and both, in my opinion, were perfectly conscious to the last of what they were doing.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Considering the immense loss of life which snake-bite yearly entails in serpent-infested countries, it is a matter for congratulation that recent trials of the anti-venomous serum of Dr. Calmette, of Lille, appear to have been of a very satisfactory kind. At a recent *séance* held at Lille Dr. Calmette had an opportunity of showing the success of the treatment of snake-bite by his serum. This antidote is prepared very much after the fashion of the anti-diphtheretic serum, which has received the *imprimatur* of many physicians as a remedy for a serious human ailment. The horse is used as a medium in whose blood the anti-venom is developed. It is a



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.
THE FIRST SHOTS: SOUDANESE ADVANCING IN SKIRMISHING ORDER.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

curious fact that the blood of this animal possesses a high resisting power to the action of many poisonous principles, and in Dr. Calmette's process the horse is inoculated at short intervals with the venom of the snake in increasing amounts. In two months the animal resists a dose of snake-poison which would kill rabbits equal in weight to 100 kilogrammes. A kilogramme, I may remind my readers, is equal to 2·204 lb. avoirdupois. In three months or so the treatment of the horse, which remains

by being frequently called out of church. One observes that the successful and well-known practitioner is usually chosen to lecture his poorer and struggling brethren on the enormities of advertising. It might be startling to know the history of many cases of success in medicine, and to note how much of that success has been due to a judicious, and I hold perfectly legitimate, method on the part of the medico in keeping himself and his merits well under the public eye.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: HAULING A GUN-BOAT UP THE SECOND CATARACT.

FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY A CORRESPONDENT.

The above drawing shows the progress of the "El-Teib," the first gun-boat to be hauled up the Second Cataract, through the "Dig Gate." The vessel has been temporarily stripped of her guns, the only weight left on board during the passage of the Cataract being her coal supply. Great hawsers are fastened to a wire rope which, in turn, is secured around the vessel's strake. Some five hundred soldiers are engaged on the east bank in pulling at the hawsers attached, and on board the gun-boat are men busily employed in regulating her course with fenders and pushing-off poles. On the conning-tower stands Commander R. L. Linton, and the other officers on board are Lieutenant Bratty, as second in command, and Colonel Hunter, Lord Athlumney, Major Martyr, and Captain Kincaid. All communications between those on board and the men on the bank have to be carried on by signal owing to the roar of the descending water.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

An attempt is being made to revive public appreciation of Byron's poetry. Two new editions are announced: the prospectus of one (I forget which) contains, as a specimen of the type, the famous unconstruable, unintelligible stanza about the sea from "Childe Harold."

This is not a good omen, and, indeed, though the new editions of Byron may later be "in every gentleman's library," I cannot believe that Byron's verse will ever again

The truth is that Lord Byron's character is intelligible, even if we believe the worst. Lady Byron's character is not intelligible at all. The *Saturday* tried to explain it by her religious ideas, by love of a repentant sinner, as Mrs. Leigh, on this theory, is supposed to have been. But the hypothesis is impossible. Lady Byron might have feebly condoned Mrs. Leigh's alleged behaviour; though, in that case, she might have condoned Byron's also, and held her tongue. But no sane and no good woman could have at once denounced her worst enemy (to Dr. Lushington and "a young military man"), and at the same

certainly by far the least odious hypothesis. Byron's own character is neither here nor there; but that of the two ladies is another matter. We cannot easily acquiesce in the horrible charge against his sister, nor agree in the belief that his wife was a miracle of conscious hypocrisy. But, granting the authenticity of her affectionate letters, we are forced to that conclusion, if the hypothesis of hallucination is rejected, and if we are not to regard her as a deliberate maligner of her lord. Nobody goes that length, but the blessed word "hysteria" covers a multitude of mysteries. It may cover this problem; at all events it justifies a verdict of "Not Proven."

Nobody will ever know the limits of the untrue things which a woman, not insane, can believe with at least nine-tenths of her consciousness. Some years ago a girl of respectable character and position maintained for years a legend of an engagement. She received letters and presents from her lover; she read parts of the letters to her family; she reported his movements—he was abroad; at last a telegram announced his illness and death. Nay, the report of his decease appeared in the newspapers. But he was a mere Mr. Harris. The young lady had sent the obituary notice herself. I never heard that she was insane in other respects. Nay, I have known men equally capable of self-illusion, to an extent absolutely incredible, if the written documents did not exist, and had not been read by myself. Our consciousness is a very queer affair, "deceitful above all things." It is never safe to believe in the impossibility of any freak of belief or opinion. Surely "sanity" is a matter of delicate degrees. When two people come together, one so nearly connected with madness by heredity as Byron was, the other so inscrutably exceptional in her conduct at a given moment as Lady Byron was, we can probably never come to any conclusion beyond the conclusion that we had better suspend our judgment.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

The opening ceremony of laying the first rail of the Uganda Railway was performed by Mrs. George Whitehouse, wife of the chief engineer, on May 30, in the presence of a large gathering. Mr. Clifford H. Craufurd, her Majesty's Acting Commissioner and Consul-General, presided, and spoke of the great advantages to East Africa which the construction of the railway would confer in opening out the country to British trade. Amid the heartiest wishes for the success of the enterprise Mrs. Whitehouse gracefully drove the first spike, the Union Jack was run up, and the Guard of Honour of the 24th Beluchistan Regiment saluted the flag, the ceremony ending with three cheers for the Queen. There is every prospect of the line being pushed on for about fifty miles during the present year now that all the preliminary work is finished, and before many years are over there can be little doubt the line will be through to Lake Victoria Nyanza. As many as eleven hundred coolies and artisans from India had been some time at work on the laying of the way when the opening ceremony took place, and since



THE UGANDA RAILWAY: THE LAYING OF THE FIRST RAIL BY MRS. GEORGE WHITEHOUSE, WIFE OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

be cherished by lovers of poetry. Most of it is fustian; often the fustian is ungrammatical; almost always the verse is bad verse. The old personal elements of advertisement—Byron's beauty, rank, mystery, have ceased to act alluringly. Bad poetry has found its level.

Yet to say that Byron was a bad poet is not to say that he had only rank, beauty, and mystery to recommend him. Genius, wit, scorn, power he undeniably possessed, only he did not give them a fair chance in serious verse. Enduring poetry is not written while a man is undressing after balls. The greatest of the arts cannot be practised on these terms with permanent success. Byron must eternally interest mankind while letters interest mankind, even though the gilt is off the gingerbread of his intolerable blank verse and his "Corsairs" and "Sieges of Corinth," bad Oriental imitations of Scott.

In the library of a country house I came across the *Saturday Review* of 1869-70, which contains five or six articles on the controversy excited by the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The articles are written by an acute if inelegant critic, a fierce opponent of the morality of Byron's poetry. Perhaps we need not go so far as this reviewer, or as Jeffrey long ago. Byron's morality in poetry is not bad: he has no morality at all. He is not sincere enough to be immoral. Some fine tempting piece of patriotism, some declaration in favour of freedom, some indignant denunciation of corruption, some pleasure in natural beauty, occurs to his mind, and he gives it voice. Then he remembers that he is a man of the world, and must not be a dupe; so he sneers, and knocks over his card house. This is denounced as "demoralising": really "it is no matter what he said." For good or bad he has no moral *locus standi*. He has only impulses of eloquence, and reactions.

The *Saturday* of 1869 (rather to my surprise) believed in Byron's guilt, and in the truth of the story reported by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Byron was certainly capable of everything, as many other men have been. There is not much use in being morally indignant with an unhappy man who inherited madness on so many sides: who had such a grandfather, father, mother, and such an education as Byron's! But he had a sense of humour! If he was guilty, at all events he did not, like Shelley, think that kind of guilt a very fine, creditable affair. He dropped mysterious hints to Murray about the origin of "Manfred"; but he would decidedly have dropped such hints even if "Manfred" had no origin except in fancy.

The great difficulty in the way of the *Saturday Review's* belief in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's story was nothing *a priori*, as that Byron was too great a poet to be such a bad man. Nor were Byron's own assertions to Monk Lewis and others accepted as of any value. The difficulty lay in Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh at the very hour of the separation. "My dearest Augusta,—You have been ever since I knew you my best comforter," and so on. The reviewer "will not insinuate a doubt as to the genuineness of the letters." And then he *did* "insinuate doubts," or something very like them.

moment have addressed her worst enemy as "her best comforter."

The *Saturday* argued that the affectionate letters were a double-edged weapon. If they were inconsistent with what Lady Byron told Mrs. Beecher Stowe, they were also inconsistent with "a monomaniacal or insane belief in a non-existent crime," reported by her to the young military man and to Dr. Lushington; that is to say, if Lady Byron entertained an insane belief in the crime, that very belief would have made it impossible for her to write the letters to "her best comforter."

Now this would be a sufficient argument if anyone were talking of a sane and rational belief on the part of Lady Byron. But if the belief was hysterical and not unconnected with her Ladyship's health at the moment (she had recently been a mother), then the inconsistency between her letters to Mrs. Leigh and her



THE UGANDA RAILWAY: PUTTING TOGETHER LOCOMOTIVES ON THE BEACH AT MOMBASA ISLAND.

story to her confidants would not be unintelligible or unexampled.

Against this theory there was urged the contrary opinion of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Lady Byron would have exhibited other signs of derangement had she been deluded on one point. But what one "mad doctor" will say another specialist of the same kind will usually contradict. There seems to be room for the theory of hysterical illusion;

then another thousand have been added to their ranks. Moreover, native labour is being freely employed. The plant and material necessary for some forty miles of the line have now been acquired and despatched to the base of operations at Mombasa. A particularly careful survey has been made by Mr. Whitehouse and his assistant engineers of the coast section of the line. The total estimate for the amount of work to be accomplished before the railway is complete is £3,000,000.

LITERATURE.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S NEW NOVEL.

As a reviewer of many years for many journals, and with many lady friends, the writer has had almost a librarian's experience of the relative popularity of novelists. In one respect, indeed, his experience was of more value than a librarian's, since he had the advantage of knowing the characters not only of the books chosen, but of those that chose them, and could therefore weigh as well as count the votes given to each author. Now, the votes given to Mrs. Alexander were not many only, but morally weighty—were twice creditable—to those that gave and to her that received them. The ladies who were on Mrs. Alexander's side were also always "on the side of the angels," and infinitely preferred for their heroines girls with a future to women with a past. In a word, they liked their novels to be sweet and wholesome, and were assured of finding those of Mrs. Alexander sweetness and wholesomeness themselves. They will certainly not be disappointed in this assurance when they have buried themselves in the last novel of the author of "The Wooing o't." The heroine of *A Winning Hazard* (T. Fisher Unwin) is a charming

Rosebud set with little wilful thorns
And sweet as English air could make her,

and seems, with her father and her sister, to have stepped out of "Elia." For surely Mrs. Alexander must have had in her mind dear old "Captain Jackson" and his daughters when she drew his Irish analogue Bob Carey and his "two darlins"? While her heroine is Irish, her hero is English and his rival is Scotch, and the sole fault we have to find with hero and heroine is their inexplicable intimacy with this detestable Scotchman. The heroine most certainly encourages him in his illusion that she loved him, and the hero continually and voluntarily consorts with him, though at every other meeting he has to resist a prompting—unmistakably divine—to throttle him, throw him out of the window, or fling a decanter at his head. The plot of this pretty story is simplicity itself, and its *dénouement* is foreseen when half-way through the volume; the author has to depend therefore wholly, and not in vain, upon our interest in her charming personages for the success of "A Winning Hazard."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mrs. Helen C. Black's "Notable Women Authors of the Day" procured her a reputation which has evidently been very serviceable to her in collecting materials for her new work, *Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask* (Spottiswoode and Co.), the scope of which is much wider than that of her previous volume, embracing as it does personal and domestic sketches, and detailed biographies of popular authors, artists, and musicians, of both sexes, of actors and actresses, and even of a few ecclesiastical dons and men of science. Interviewing is the basis of both works, and since in her former one Mrs. Black proved that she could perform that delicate task with good taste and good feeling, doors have been opened to her which would have been closed, and confidences bestowed on her which would have been refused, to an interviewer of an inferior class. There is a great deal that may be called unconsciously artistic in her treatment of her material. Here there is none of the questioning of the ordinary interviewer, and the often reluctant answering of the interviewed. Mrs. Black works up into a connected and coherent whole all that she has heard from and seen, and otherwise knows, of the sitters for her pen-and-ink portraits—"information received" by word of mouth, personal appearance, demeanour and idiosyncrasy, professional habits, the domicile, its topography and surroundings, aspects of the domestic interior, its works of art and furnishings, other inmates of the home, husbands and wives, parents and children, and even dogs. Nothing escapes Mrs. Black's vigilant eye and ear. She is, it is true, so profuse of panegyric and of rose-colour detail that it would not be difficult every now and then to raise a laugh at her expense; but this is forbidden by the evident genuineness of her sympathies and of her overflowing enthusiasm. It is a sunny book, which, with all its obvious exaggeration, would do a pessimist good to read. Here are sketches of some sixty people of both sexes, old and young, married and single, engaged in arduous pursuits, yet described as not only successful and prosperous, but so happy and so satisfied with their lot as to be ready to give an emphatically affirmative answer to the familiar question "Is life worth living?"

Very creditable to the disinterested zeal, industry, and good feeling of its author is the handsome volume *The London Burial Grounds; Notes on their History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, by Mrs. Basil Holmes. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin.) She has produced what really deserves to be regarded as a text-book on a very interesting subject, which in the innumerable histories, general and parochial, of London is only incidentally touched on. Her "Notes," as she modestly calls them, on the history of London graveyards down to a recent period are, of course, based on reading and research. But as regards the state of things to-day, they embody the results of long and often toilsome personal exploration. Where graveyards have been built upon, or could be seen only through entering private dwelling-houses or their appurtenances, Mrs. Holmes's explorations, especially in the poorer parts of London, had sometimes to be conducted in the face of opposition of the silliest but most trying kind.

She gives in her Introduction an amusing account of the obstruction which, in her "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," she thus met with, and which could be overcome only by patience and good temper. There is not a single graveyard, open or closed, actually existing in London and its vicinity, not to speak of those which have been effaced by "improvements" or the bricklayer's trowel, respecting which some information is not given in Mrs. Holmes's admirable volume. Specially interesting, of course, are her accounts of the graveyards which have been converted into public recreation-grounds, and of which there were last year in the City and County of London no fewer than seventy. The volume contains more than sixty very prettily executed illustrations, chiefly of London churches, graveyards, and cemeteries, past and present.

A Scottish lady once wrote to Dr. Robertson, the author of *Through the Dolomites* (George Allen): "I am twenty years younger since I went to the Dolomites, and I shall go to them every year," which would probably bring her by this to her second childhood. Having read Dr. Alexander Robertson's interesting and profusely illustrated guide-book to the Dolomites, we have caught so much of his enthusiasm as to admit his contention: "What Venice is among cities, these Dolomites are among mountains. Both are unique of their kind. The whole highland region is full of interest from whatever standpoint it is looked at. The



Photo. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XII.—"MRS. ALEXANDER."

The popular author of "The Wooing o't," who is known in private life as Mrs. Alexander Hector, comes of a well-known Irish family, her father, Mr. French, of Roscommon, having been one of the volunteer regiment of gentlemen who patrolled Dublin on the night on which Emmett was taken. She first turned her attention to authorship in early girlhood, but abandoned her literary ambitions on her marriage with Mr. Hector, the companion of Layard in his exploration of Nineveh. After her husband's death, however, she resumed her pen. In 1882 she achieved her first popular success with her charming novel "The Admiral's Ward," and a year later "The Executor" extended her reputation with the novel-reading public. "Look Before You Leap," "At Bay," "Mammon," "A Crooked Path," and many other novels, distinguished by skilful characterisation and considerable ingenuity of plot, have since won a wide circle of readers. The latest addition to their lengthy list, "A Winning Hazard," is reviewed in these columns.

archæologist, the geologist, the historian, the ethnologist, and botanist, as well as the Alpine climber, and the health and holiday seeker may all find there an ample field for their favourite pursuits and for the gratification of their peculiar tastes."

The Sacrifice of Fools (John Lane) recalled to us old dormitory tales extemporised with artless incoherence by the Scheherazade of the school. A moment's time and thought would have saved the dormitory yarn-spinner from the inconsistencies and incoherences of his wondrous tale, since its disjointedness, like the gapings of green wood, was obviously due to its immaturity. But the opening sentence of Mr. Manifold Craig's tale suggests that he had seen the end from the beginning, and that its incoherence, therefore, was deliberate. An Italian artist, who is at the double disadvantage of being already married and of being insane, proposes for Lord Meares' only daughter, and is driven by his rejection to an unsuccessful attempt at murder, and to a successful attempt at suicide. His Italian widow resolves on the subtle revenge of bringing about a marriage between her son, who inherits his father's insanity, and the daughter of the lady whose rejection of the lunatic drove him to suicide. The lady, on her part, does all she can to prevent such a marriage, except the one simple and obvious and infallibly effective thing to do—disclose to her

daughter the suicide and insanity of her suitor's father, and the diabolical vengeance her marriage to the son was designed by his mother to work out. As the girl does not even love the lunatic, a single hint of this horror would suffice, and the insanity of not giving it is at least as great as the insanity from which such a hint would have saved the girl. Then there is a silly little game of bo-peep about the heroine's dowry—a trifle of £800 a year—of whose forfeiture she somehow could not find time to tell her husband till many months after their marriage. The shock of the disclosure seems to have helped to drive him mad, and he retires with his wife into a haunted Indian jungle, where he occasionally clothes himself in the skin of a gigantic African ape to terrify trespassers. Failing to terrify thus an English trespasser, Captain Salville, the madman commits suicide, and his widow marries her deliverer. There is much cleverness gone to waste in this incoherent novel.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Max Pemberton, the well-known author of "The Iron Pirate" and other entertaining stories, has just been appointed editor of *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. Pemberton has already won considerable reputation as a journalist as well as a novelist. He was the first editor of the boys' paper *Chums*, which he left in a very flourishing condition when his literary success had become assured.

The competition of the magazines in England is becoming more and more exciting. With its October issue the *English Illustrated Magazine* will abandon the cover which Mr. Walter Crane designed for it twelve years ago. With the new cover it will be considerably enlarged. The *Pull Mall Magazine* has reverted in its September issue to its original shilling, but this time it is "net"—a system which has been found to answer extremely well with *Pearson's Magazine*. Sir George Newnes told his shareholders at a meeting the other day that the *Strand Magazine* was still selling 390,000 a month, and yet, under the capable editorship of Mr. David Williamson, the *Windsor Magazine* has added at least 30,000 to its circulation of late.

Meanwhile, in a month or two we are to have a new magazine from Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, to be called the *London Magazine*, and which, rumour asserts, is to run on religious lines. Religion, at any rate, is to be an important feature in the magazine which Mr. Atkins, the editor of the *Young Man*, and Mr. Hocking, the popular novelist, are to bring out in October under the title of the *Temple Magazine*. Meanwhile, all these magazines put together scarcely realise the circulation which is attributed to the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. In this country the weekly newspaper still holds the field.

Mr. A. E. Fletcher, formerly editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and now the editor of the *New Age*, has become the literary adviser to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, the firm from which Mr. James Bowden recently seceded. Mr. Coulson Kernahan, who has hitherto held Mr. Fletcher's position, joins Mr. Bowden in his new offices in Henrietta Street, and Mr. Kernahan's novel—which is to appear in the *Windsor Magazine*—will be one of Mr. Bowden's first publications.

To the new edition of the "Life of Coleridge" by Mr. J. Dykes Campbell is affixed a biography of the author by Mr. Leslie Stephen. It is a very interesting narrative, and has the effect of making one sigh for more. Dykes Campbell was one of the few men of our time whose life displayed a single-minded devotion to letters. With most men it is a recreation, and nearly all our literary critics have some other avocation. Some are professors, like Mr. Dowden; some are civil servants, like Mr. Gosse; and a very considerable number are in the Church or in journalism. Campbell, as I have said, was a bookman before all things, and his life from that standpoint would be well worth reading. He was a correspondent on bookish topics

with a great number of men connected with literature—with Canon Ainger, with Mr. George Macmillan, with Mr. Norman McColl, with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and so on; and without in the least trenching on private affairs it might have been possible to furnish a Life of two or three hundred pages, which would have been readable from cover to cover. The great mistake of most of the latter-day memoirs is that they are too long; but Mr. Leslie Stephen has gone to the other extreme.

During a recent holiday trip through Switzerland I came to the conclusion that the two authors whose books were most in evidence in the Tauchnitz Library were, undoubtedly, Ian Maclaren and Miss d'Esterre Keeling.

The biography of J. G. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, which Mr. Andrew Lang will publish through Mr. Nimmo in October, will contain some quaint illustrations in colour—facsimiles of Lockhart's own drawings. Another important biography that is in preparation is Mrs. Oliphant's "Three Generations of the Blackwoods"—a history of the great publishing house which founded the famous magazine. Mrs. Oliphant has left Windsor, where she has lived so long, and has taken up her residence in a pretty little cottage overlooking Wimbledon Common. C. K. S.



Market Place
Caudebec



Rue de la Becherie
Caudebec





THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: INHABITANTS OF THE PROVINCE OF SELINO TAKING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

From a Sketch made on the Spot by a Correspondent.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

It is quite strange to pass through deserted London, loveliest village of the plain, just now; and very plain are the women one meets about in the Bond Street of our affections. I have been walking down there this afternoon, and not a soul did I find worthy of the name of woman. The only exception to the general rule of housemaid is the lady in a half-soiled blouse and tumbled hat, worn with a creased linen skirt. Here and there a well-groomed head peeps from a hansom cab crowned with the plain sailor hat, which proclaims that the wearer is up for the day from somewhere or other. But Fashion is a dead letter, and the few folks who are in town seem to spend all their hours having their heads washed and their hands manicured. And what a comfort it is, after you have been enjoying rural delights, to feel yourself once again with a well-coiffed head, and to know that you are polished to the tips of your fingers.

I have been seeking some new shirts which shall not be made of cambric nor of plain flannel, nor of the conventional order of silk, and after much trouble I have discovered a mauve-and-white elaborately patterned foulard, with shirt-sleeves terminating in cuffs which turn back from the hand to be linked together, finished with a linen collar at the neck and a tie made of the silk to match the shirt. Also have I interviewed some new printed flannels, the ground of these being white, the design of the pine order—excellent flannels these are, and calculated to make shirts which shall be at once comfortable and decorative.

The shop windows already display the autumn fabrics, which, so far as one can judge from a cursory glance, herald once again the well-known fact that face-cloth has merit. This appears in various shades of violet and dark red (a colour this latter which I am told is to be very popular) and in various capital tones of green. A dark red cloth dress made with a coat bodice with straight revers trimmed with black frogs, belted round the waist above a short basque, and possessing a front of soft cream-coloured net, is a costume which has at the present moment the honour of possessing my best desires.

That dress illustrated, which my artist of amiable habits found pacing the Parade at Eastbourne, is made of black alpaca of a very coarse texture, the skirt trimmed with pointed insertions of cream-coloured lace, the bodice showing a yoke and open corselet of the same daintiness; while the other picture displays a frock of dark blue cashmere with a kilted bodice of crêpe de Chine, the drapery of the cashmere being brought across this to fall with ends of lace. Rumour has it that we are to worship at the shrine of cashmere this year, but again I venture to assert that Rumour maintains her reputation as a lying jade, for cashmere is a fabric which does not lend itself to every sort of dress. For instance, the perfectly plain skirt made of cashmere would lack all attractions: it would need braiding,

coat. The Princess style of dress with which we are again threatened, if it is to be made in cashmere, would need various interlinings. No, there is not sufficient solidity about cashmere for it to be adopted with any real affection for the autumn frock.

The flounced skirt is without doubt upon us, and the flounces take various outlines: now they will be put on in a rounded scallop, now in a vandyke, or again straight round the skirt. Small ruches may be relied upon to successfully trim the gathered flounces of silk which shall be cut in vandykes and headed with a straight row of ruching. Such a skirt have I in my mind's eye, made of pale pink glacé silk, with a deep flounce hanging from the knees in points bordered with a fringed ruching and resting upon a second flounce with a straight hem also ruched. The skirts which bear flounces should not be so full as those which are plain; indeed all the skirts should not be so full as they have been, for we are again realising the advantage of not carrying about with us twenty-five yards of material. I want to recommend specially to notice the shirt of dark green plaid silk and the shirt of infinitesimally checked red and black silk, and to mention once more my affection for the green and red Indian patterned silk; while I again and yet again assert that for a plain ordinary light flannel material, Viyella deserves to be placed on a pedestal.

It is impossible to discover a new hat—I know, because I have tried. London owns no such luxury. The only specimen which came within measurable distance of deserving the title of novel I found in white felt, lined with black, trimmed with quillings of black satin ribbon, and an aggressive green parrot waving aloft a black bird-of-paradise plume. This was by no means perfection, yet it was labelled new, and its shape was a modified edition of the old boat shape, and its trimming was extremely high fixed, principally at one side, in the style which used to be adopted twenty-five years ago. I sincerely trust that this is not one of the revivals before which I shall be expected, as a devout worshipper at the shrine of fashion, to bow in reverence.

Under the sad circumstances of "no new fashions," I cannot answer "Mignonette's" question very satisfactorily. Candidly, I advise her to wait for a week or two, but if she feels she cannot live another moment without a new hat, then let her buy a white felt shape, twist it up to suit her special style of beauty, and trim it with a green parrot like the one I have just described, and a black paradise plume. "China Blue" has my best thanks for her charming note. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

While emigration is spoken of as a remedy for the evils of overpressure on women's employments in England, evidence is continually being received that the position in the Colonies of the same class that is badly paid here is as low as it is at home. For example, a Melbourne Home for Working Girls has just been opened, and its philanthropic promoters have fixed the weekly charge for board and lodging at four shillings, because, they assert, the class of girls whom they wish to benefit, "earn trifling wages." They give an instance of a poor mother whose health has compelled her to break up her home and leave two girls in Melbourne, each of whom could earn only ten shillings a week. In New Zealand, again, a recent case revealed that a needlewoman could earn but 4s. 6d. per week at shirt-making.

Australia has, nevertheless, over two hundred thousand more men in it than women, and some of these "up country" are so anxious to marry that a matrimonial agency does a flourishing trade, and can supply fifty farmers' names any week to girls able and willing to do the rough and heavy work of the wife of a bush farmer. At a recent meeting of the Women's Emigration Society, Miss Flora Shaw, the lady whom the *Times* appointed as its special correspondent for a colonial trip, made a speech in which she described "humorously" the condition of two young University men from England whom she saw keeping house alone, and neglecting a great deal of work on the farm that was waiting for them to do, while they laboriously and inefficiently did the "woman's work." Miss Shaw said that there are many such young men who would be much better off if they could have wives to do this sort of labour for them; and she mentioned that dairy-workers are so scarce that butter sometimes brings twelve shillings the pound. There seems something anomalous about this state of affairs: men wanting women to live in plenty in return for their domestic work, and yet women preferring to starve on the most miserable wages in the towns. But it is to be feared that the class of women who are so badly off are those who are not physically or mentally fit for any sort of genuine hard work.

It is, however, the same case here: terrible tales are told us continually as to the low wages and the overcrowding of women's employments, and yet it is an ever-increasing difficulty to get a decent servant! Year by year it grows more hard to obtain a cook with anything beyond the most elementary notions of the art that she professes; and yet even a moderately skilled one can obtain wages that, with her lodging and board of the best description, are worth sixty or seventy pounds a year. Many reasons for this objection to domestic labour are put forth, and some of the reasons given do have influence with our working girls in choosing their work, no doubt;

such as the desire for evening liberty to meet their relatives and friends and form acquaintance with young men. But such arguments ought not to affect the older women, who are more suitable for positions of skill and trust, such as the cook's. Does the difficulty of getting hardworking wives in the Colonies point to the true explanation—



BLUE CASHMERE WITH CRÊPE DE CHINE BODICE.

that domestic labour is so hard and so unending that it is disliked instinctively by the weakly and unmuscular girls whom our civilised habits of life are too apt to bring up? The Sphinx-like problem of how to attract women from starvation to plenty, when the one is outside domestic life and the other implies work in the home, remains pressing on us; and while the solution is not found, it destroys the happiness of life no less for the British middle-class mistress than for the isolated Australian farmer.

In America the problem is in a more active stage even than here, and Miss Jane Addams, the founder of a "settlement" on something like the lines of Toynbee Hall, in Chicago, has been explaining, from the lights gained by her intercourse with the class of women who ought to be "domestic helps," why they dislike it. She attributes the greatest influence to the gregarious nature of the human creature, and she truly observes that the working class woman is brought up in the most gregarious of all social classes. "From infancy they live in a crowd, and the pain that they suffer from industrial and social isolation when in service is serious." Her remedy is the very doubtful one of engaging servants to come in for a fixed number of hours daily, allowing them to return to the home circle at night. She says: "To allow household employes to live with their own families and among their own friends, as factory employes now do, would be to relegate more production to industrial centres administered on the factory system, and to secure shorter hours for that which remains to be done in the household. . . . Most of the cooking and serving and cleaning of a household could be done by women living outside, and coming into a house as a skilled workman does."

Most mistresses will regard this as a very natural solution for a maiden lady who lives in a "settlement," but not quite practical for a home. Who will look after the babies on this plan? In France, where this method of service is largely followed, they solve that problem by dispensing with the babies, but that will not do in England. Then, who is to clear away after dinner? Who is to rise in the morning and let in the domestic; or is she to have a latch-key and be able to come in at any hour of the night she pleases? It is a difficult business; but a greater degree of freedom for domestic servants and a better system of training young women to domestic duties will probably be found at length to evolve from our present chaos.

Union within union, like the boxes that the ingenious Chinese carpenters construct. There is to be a "Union of Practical Suffragists in the Women's Liberal Federation," meaning those of its members who are in favour of insisting on all candidates who seek the support of women's Liberal associations being ready to vote for the suffrage for women. The list of names on the committee includes some of the most influential members of the Federation, among them Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mrs. Eva McLaren, Miss Munro-Ferguson, Mrs. Cobden Unwin, Mrs. Taylor of Chipchase Castle, and the eloquent Welsh lady known as "Gwyneth Vaughan." FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



BLACK ALPACA WITH LACE INSERTIONS.

or—and, by the way, I have seen a cloth dress trimmed in this fashion lately—nine small strappings of the cashmere sewn on to the hem at intervals of a quarter of an inch. The cashmere bodice should always be loose in some degree, overhanging a belt in the style I have just described the red cloth; it would look well if permitted to show a waist-



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CHES.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—Kindly send us a fresh copy of your last version of the three-mover, as we have got the diagrams mixed.

S P R (Kilburn).—Probably it will recommence next month; but you had better apply to the secretary.

H F KIDSON AND A G FELLOWES.—Thanks for problems, which we hope to find as good as their predecessors.

C. ROSSITER (Nantwich).—In two-movers White's key-move alone is sufficient. In three-movers it is better to submit the leading variation, but we do not require it.

J. S. WESLEY (Exeter).—We have done what you desire. Thanks for inclosure.

H. RODNEY.—Your problem is correct, but scarcely good enough for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2725 and 2726 received from Upendranath Maitra (Darjeeling) and C A M (Penang); of No. 2727 from Upendranath Maitra (Darjeeling); of No. 2731 from Oliver Icengia; of No. 2732 from Charles Moore, W H Williamson (Belfast), J Bailey (Newark), T C D (Dublin), Gertrude Timothy, H S Brandreth (Bayaria), Oliver Icengia, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and J D Tucker (Leeds).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2733 received from Castle Lea, E London, M Kieloff, Oliver Icengia, Frater, Charles Rossiter (Nantwich), J D Tucker (Leeds), H S Brandreth (Bayaria), S J G F. Frank Proctor, R Workers (Canterbury), C M A B, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Captain Spencer, F W C (Edgbaston), J F Moon, Martin F, E B Food (Cheltenham), C E M (Ayr), G T Hughes (Portman), Dawn, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C R H (Green Lanes), John McRobert (Crossgar), J Hall, J Barlett Clark (Penzance), F James (Wolverhampton), F J Gandy (Croydon), F Waller (Luton), H E Lee (Ipswich), L Desanges, W David (Cardiff), S Davies (Leicester), T Roberts, Sorrento, M A Eyre (Boulogne), Hermit, Shadforth, C E Perugini, W R Maillem, Hereward, E P Vulliamy, Meursius (Paris), A J Merton (Merthyr), H T Atterbury, H T Bailey, T R McCluggage (Lisburn), W R B (Clifton), Fred J Gross, T Chown, F N Brand (Farnham), Frank R Pickering, Dr. F St, R H Brooks, and J S Wesley (Exeter).

PROBLEM No. 2735.
By F. W. ANDREW.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2732.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.
1. B to K 4th
2. Q to Q 3rd, etc.

BLACK.
K to Kt 5th

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Q to K B 6th, and mates next move. This problem can also be solved by 1. P to R 4th.

CHES IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Nuremberg Tourney between Messrs. LASKER and TARRASCH.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19.	P to K Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. P takes P	K R takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B takes Kt	Q P takes B		
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to K B 4th		
6. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th		
7. B to K 3rd	Q to Q 3rd		
8. Q to Q 2nd	B takes Kt		
		21. Kt takes P	K to Kt 2nd
		22. R to B 2nd	P to K R 4th
		23. Kt to Q 5th	P to B 3rd
		24. Kt to B 4th	P to B 5th
		25. R (B 2) to Kt 2	R to Q 3rd
		26. P to K R 4th	P takes P
		27. P takes P	K to B 2nd
		28. R to Kt 5th	R takes R
		29. R takes R	R to B 3rd
		30. P to K 5th	R to B 4th
		31. R takes R	P takes R
		32. P to Q 4th	K to K 2nd
		33. K to Q 2nd	P to B 4th
		34. K to Q 3rd	P takes P
		35. P takes P	K to Q sq
		36. P to Q 5th	K to Q 2nd
		37. K to Q 4th	K to B 2nd
		38. P to Q Kt 4th	K to Q 2nd
		39. K to B 5th	K to Q 2nd
		40. P to Q 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		41. K to Q 5th	Resigns

It was tempting to double the Pawns, but the file proved useful for White's attack later in the game.

9. P takes B Kt to K 2nd
10. B takes B Q takes B
11. Castles (Q R) Kt to Kt 3rd
12. Q to K 3rd Q takes Q (ch)

The exchange is in White's favour. Black could have retired with advantage, and a drawn game at the worst.

13. P takes Q R to Q sq
14. Kt to K 2nd P to B 3rd
15. K R to Kt sq K to B 2nd
16. Q R to B sq K R to K sq
17. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to B sq
18. P to K B 4th P to Q B 4th
19. Kt to R 5th

About this point White begins to gain an advantage, and this is more apparent a move or two later.

Another game in the same tourney played between Messrs. WINAWER and STEINITZ.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to Kt 5th	B to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P to K R 4th	Kt to Q 4th
4. K to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	15. B to R 7th (ch)	K to R sq
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	16. R takes Kt	
6. B to Q 2nd	Castles		
7. Castles	R to K sq		
8. B to B 4th			
		16. B takes R	P to B 3rd
		17. R to K 4th	B P takes Kt
		18. B takes B	Kt to K 4th
		19. P takes P	Resigns
		20. P to Kt 6th	

The vigour and accuracy of White's play here have rarely been equalled. The ending is move by move, one of the best little studies we have met with for some time.

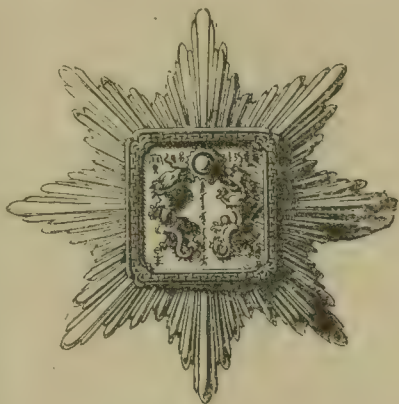
If Kt takes P, then White mates by Q take P; or, in any case, R takes P wins.

The famous organ of the Temple Church is undergoing restoration during the Long Vacation.

There is a good deal of curiosity as to the vacancy in the great parish of Spitalfields, a very difficult rectory to fill, owing to the immense work and the low stipend. The patronage is in the gift of a member of the Buxton family, the great brewery of which stands at the edge of the parish. It is said that the living is likely to be offered to a moderate High Churchman who has done good work in the same neighbourhood.

A CHINESE DECORATION.

The European tour of his Excellency the Chinese Envoy, Li-Hung-Chang, whatever effect it may have had upon the mind of that distinguished statesman, has indisputably added to our own stock of information in regard to the Celestial Empire. One interesting discovery is that in China, contrary to the custom of the Courts of Europe, there is only one Order conferred upon distinguished personages, instead of the great variety which obtain at our own and Continental Courts. This is the famous Order of the Double Dragon which is divided into five classes, each of which class is in turn subdivided into a variety of grades. His Excellency intends to confer this Order in various classes and grades upon some three hundred personages with whom he has been brought into agreeable association during his protracted tour. The Orders are carried out in gold, silver, and enamel for the various grades; and Paris, St. Petersburg, and London have all competed for the honour of manufacturing the souvenirs of the progress of the great Oriental statesman through the Western World. It is interesting to know that in the international competition England has been successful, the manufacture of the Orders having been entrusted to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, London, W.



ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Act passed by the Jersey Legislature for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been sanctioned by the Queen in Council. The Channel Islands are in the diocese of Winchester. If the Bishop of Winchester stands out against the recognition or permission of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, a serious struggle may ensue. But perhaps this is not likely. A leading Congregationalist minister in London was married the other day to his deceased wife's sister in Jersey.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been closed for the annual cleaning. There are great complaints about this practice. It is alleged that the annual cleaning could quite easily be done without suspending for a single day the offering of prayer and praise, and certainly this is accomplished usually in cathedrals and parish churches.

At a bazaar held in aid of a Mission Church in the diocese of Manchester there was a lottery, in which the

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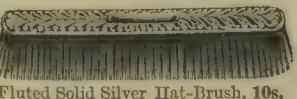


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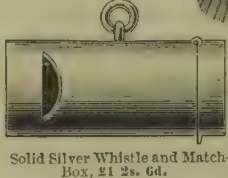
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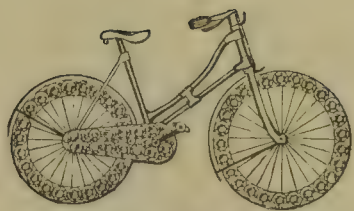
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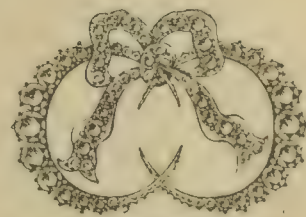
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In Gold £5.

18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

vicar of the parish won a prize. There was also a Hat Trimming Competition for gentlemen. "Each gentleman," we are told, "was given a hat and materials, and had to complete the work in two minutes." The vicar won the first prize. Some of the hats were much admired, and young ladies were proudly wearing them on subsequent days in the district.

A new east window has been recently dedicated and unveiled in the parish church of Seaforth, of which Mr. Gladstone is patron. It was in Seaforth that he spent his boyhood.

The Church Defence Institution and the Central Church Committee have been amalgamated, and the organisation in the form of parochial, rural deanery, and diocesan committees is to be maintained and strengthened in every possible way. Lord Selborne is the chairman of the Executive Committee, and two ladies are on it—the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell and the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor.

It is significant that the first subject down for discussion at the Conference of Bishops of the Anglican Communion, to be held at Lambeth in the summer of 1897, is the Critical Study of Holy Scripture. The last is Degrees in Divinity.

The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, who is an advanced High Churchman, though his father was a leading Evangelical and closely connected with the *Record*, has delivered a charge on the Reunion of Christendom. He dwelt on the increasing friendliness of the Orthodox Churches of the East, saying that he himself had been frequently received with unflinching courtesy and kindness by the Patriarchs and other leading prelates of the East when from time to time he had visited them. He referred especially to the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Bishop of Bethlehem. He admitted, however, that insurmountable obstacles seemed to stand in the way of reunion with the Church of Rome.

The Dean of Llandaff, who shows wonderful vitality for such an old man, is now convalescent, and has left for Clevedon, where he will remain for some time.

The hall which is being specially built for the Church Congress at Shrewsbury is now finished with the

exception of the internal fittings. It will accommodate 2500 people. The sectional meetings will be held in the Music Hall, a very short distance from the Congress Hall.

The Kilburn Sisters have addressed a letter to the Bishops, disclaiming the desire to work independently of Episcopal control. They say that should any disputed point arise in connection with their work in any diocese in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical, they pledge themselves to carry out most willingly the Bishop's wishes, and to abide by his decision.

The Rev. J. H. Lewthwaite, who has for some time been senior curate to the parish church of Bromley-by-Bow, has been appointed by the Bishop of London to be the successor of the late Rev. A. Styleman Herring as Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell. It is always pleasant to hear of the promotion of an unbeneficed clergyman by his Bishop, for the testimony which such promotion bears to the good repute of a curate's labours is particularly happy. Mr. Lewthwaite has proved himself an energetic worker generally, and his Sunday afternoon services for men only have proved unusually successful.



PRESENTATION TO SIR ALBERT ROLLIT.

Sir Albert Kaye Rollit has been the recipient of a very handsome silver casket from the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, in recognition of the valuable services he has rendered as President of that Association during the last four years. The casket, which is designed to represent science, art, literature, and commerce, is the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and Cheapside.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and two codicils of his Royal Highness Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orleans, Duc de Nemours, of 9, Avenue Kleber, Paris, who died at Versailles on June 26, were proved in London on Aug. 18 by his Royal Highness Ferdinand Philippe Marie d'Orleans, Duc d'Alençon, the son and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English court being £7504.

The will (dated April 26, 1896), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1896), of Mrs. Eliza Frances Townshend, of 147, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, widow, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 17 by Joseph Barber and Edward Lygon Somers Cocks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £48,819. The testatrix gives £5000 to Colonel Reginald Pole Carew; £1000 to Minnie Townshend; £3000 to Mary Townshend; £5000 to Kathleen Townshend; £1000 to the Rev. Edward Townshend; £4000, all her plate with the St. Leger crest, and the dessert service presented by George IV. to St. Leger Chamberlain, to Viscount Doneraile; £3000 each and her plate with the Cadogan crest to John Cadogan and Henry M. Cadogan; £100 to the Royal Eye Hospital, Southwark; and other legacies and specific gifts to her relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves between Colonel Reginald Pole Carew, Augusta Le Vicomte Countess of Castle Stewart, and Joseph Barber as tenants in common.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1894) of Mr. James Stovin Pennymann, J.P., of Ormesby Hall, York, who died on June 2, was proved at the District Registry of York on June 30 by James Worsley Pennymann, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn at £46,332. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his son absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1879), with a codicil (dated April 29, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Harrison, of St. Martin's Lane, and Highgrove, Kendrick Road, Reading, a member of the firm of Harrison and Sons, printers of the *London Gazette*, who died on April 25, was proved on Aug. 18 by Thomas Erat Harrison and Edgar Erat Harrison, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn



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The will (dated Feb. 7, 1894) of Mr. George Bond, C.E., of Brimington Hall, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who died at Tapton House, Chesterfield, on April 22, was proved on July 18 at the Derby District Registry by George Creswell Bond, the nephew, and Harry Pollitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,563. Subject to the gift of £50 each to his executors, the testator leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1894) of Mr. William James Gardiner, of The Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey, who

died on June 18, was proved on Aug. 7 by Edward James Gardiner, the son, Horatio William Miller, and Percy Pyne Caldecott Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,603. The testator bequeaths £1000, and the income of £2000 to his wife for life or widowhood; £1500 and £7000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Emily Frances Miller; and £1000 and his furniture, plate, etc., to his son Edward James Gardiner. He devises his freehold house, cottages, and land at Worcester Park, upon trust, for his said son. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his son and daughter in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Robert Nalder Clarke, J.P., of The Cedars, Reading, Berks, who died on June 28, was proved at the Oxford District Registry on July 17 by Mrs. Elizabeth Dora Clarke, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £9206.

The will of Mr. Francis Westby Bagshawe, J.P., D.L., of The Oaks, Norton, Derby, who died on April 28, was proved on July 10 at the Derby District Registry by Mrs. Caroline Amelia Bagshawe, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £10,979.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and settlement (dated March 4, 1884) of Colonel Alexander Bruce, who died at 34, Jermyn Street, St. James's, on June 11, granted to Miss Margaret Bruce, the sister, the

surviving executor nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 12, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £5720.

The will of the Hon. Henry Sidney, of 8, Lennox Gardens, Chelsea, who died on April 13 at Brancepeth Castle, Durham, was proved on Aug. 13 by Major the Hon. Philip Sidney Foulis and the Hon. William Sidney, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate being £6930.

The will of Mr. Thomas Beesley, J.P., F.C.S., of Banbury, Oxfordshire, who died on May 15, has been proved at the Oxford District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Beesley, the widow, Mr. Charles Fortescue, and Mr. Edward Muscott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5954.

One of Dr. Jameson's military comrades in the unfortunate raid into the Transvaal, Major the Hon. Charles Coventry, sentenced by Lord Russell to five months' imprisonment at the recent trial for an offence against the Foreign Enlistment Act, has been released by order of the Home Office upon the ground that his health is seriously impaired by the effects of the bullet wound he received in fighting with the Boers at Krugersdorp. The wound caused inflammation of the back near the spine. He left Holloway Prison last Saturday, after twenty-four days.

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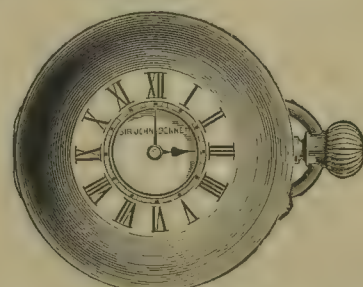
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Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON VACCINATION: MINORITY REPORT.

Two members of the Royal Commission of Inquiry on Vaccination, Dr. Collins and Mr. Picton, have drawn up a statement of their views, differing from the report agreed to by the majority of the Commissioners. They consider that vaccination, as a preventive to small-pox, has been too much relied upon; that the difference in fatality between the vaccinated and unvaccinated small-pox patients is not so great, and is not so entirely due to vaccination, but to other concurrent causes; and that vaccination is not a permanent or an absolute protection; they find that the fatality of all cases lumped together is practically the same as in the unvaccinated of the last century. On the other hand, there is some risk of vaccination occasioning other diseases. It ought not to be com-

pulsory, but more strict attention should be given to all sanitary regulations, ventilation, cleanliness, drainage, and pure water supply; to the speedy separation, in suitable hospitals, of infected persons from others; and to preventing the propagation of small-pox by carelessness or inadvertence. Personal objections, as well as parental responsibility, ought to be regarded, since eminent medical men are much divided in opinion.

Mr. Ben Tillett, who arrived in Antwerp on Thursday morning, Aug. 20, to assist in organising a Belgian Dock Labourers' Trade Union, and addressed two meetings, was arrested next day by the police, acting under the orders of the Minister of Justice. He was detained in the jail twenty-six hours, and on Saturday evening was put on

board a steamer which brought him back to London. He intends to test the legality of this proceeding, and complains of the infringement of his liberties as a British subject.

The anniversary of the birth of Mohammed the Prophet, at Mecca, 1326 years ago, was celebrated on Saturday, Aug. 22, by the society called the Anjuman-i-Islam, in London, including a large number of Indian, Turkish, Egyptian, Syrian, and other Mohammedans, with a banquet at the Holborn Restaurant; there was also a social meeting, with appropriate discourses, at the room used as a temporary mosque in Albert Street, near Regent's Park.

A fatal explosion took place on Saturday at Messrs. Caverhill and Co.'s cartridge manufactory, Berwick-on-Tweed, killing Mr. Andrew Caverhill and one of the apprentices.

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Used at Westminster Abbey, Exeter Hall, St. James's Hall, Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane; and at Marlborough House and Windsor Castle, &c., &c.

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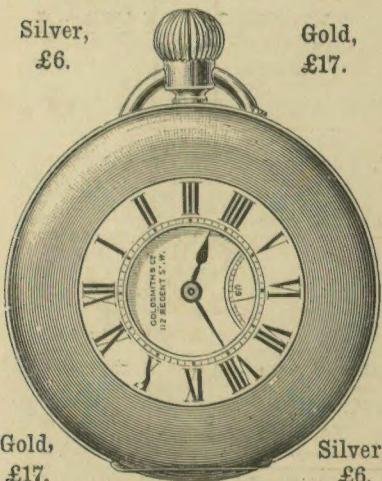
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Lambs wool is similar to the fat of the
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the complexion. Prevents wrinkles
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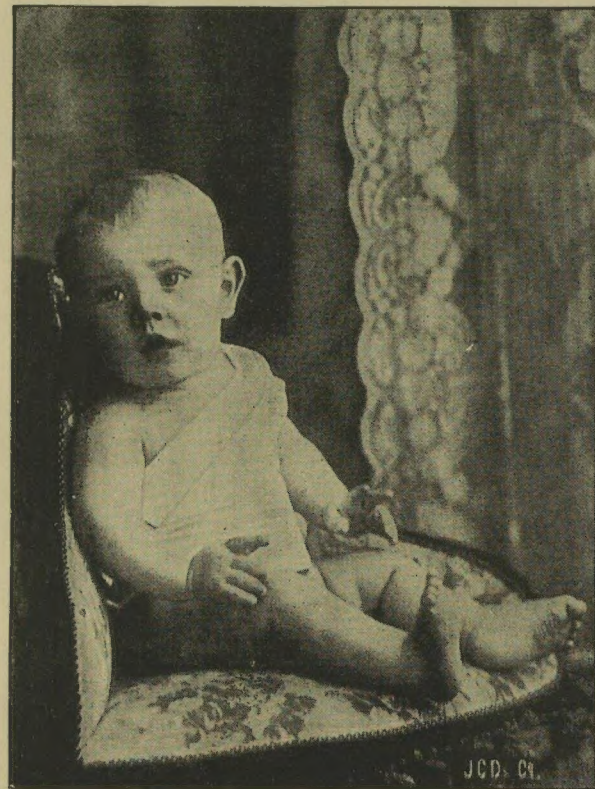
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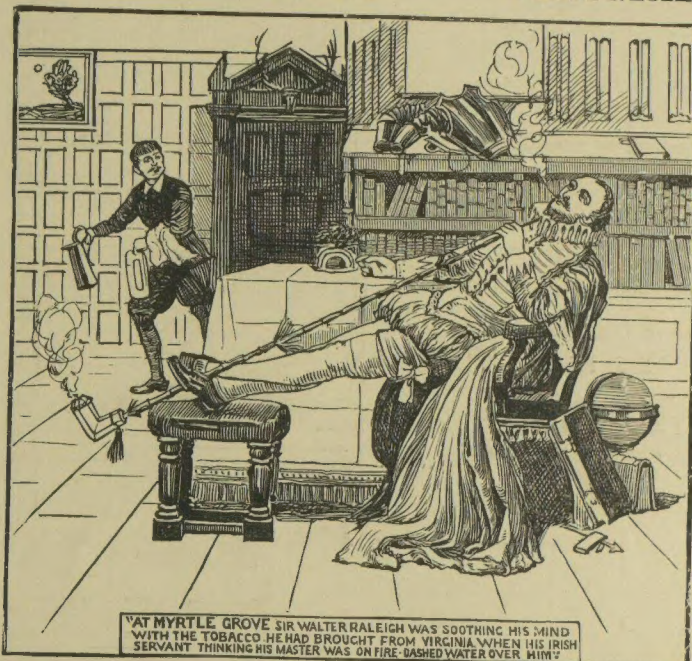
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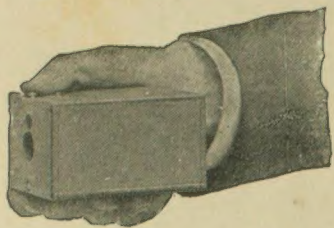
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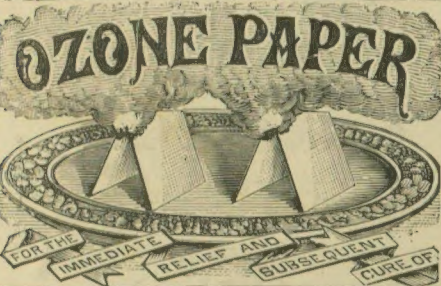
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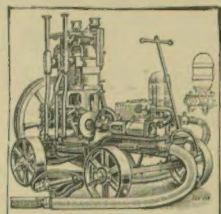
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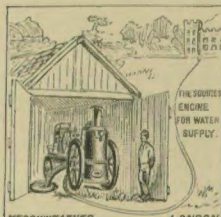
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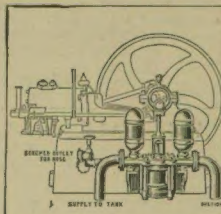
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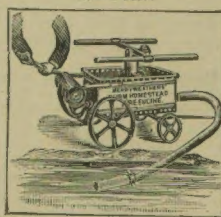
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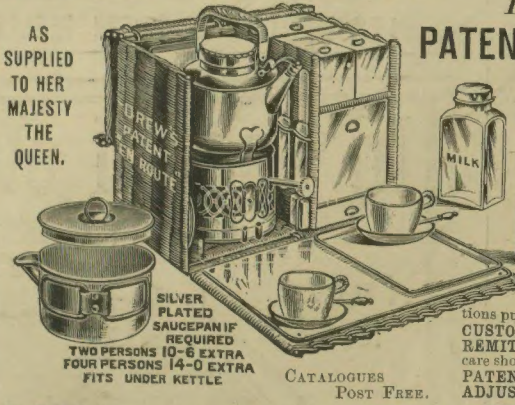
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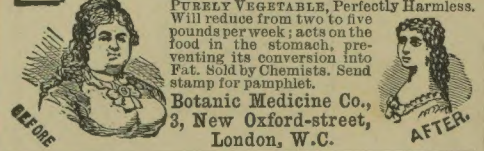
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